The Nation.

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The Week.

Blow upon blow has befallen poor Mr. Dingley and his deficit since reaching Washington. Senator Aldrich's grim silence spoke volumes. It was not necessary for him to say anything; what he had publicly predicted about the failure of the Dingley bill was coming to pass. Senator Allison almost gives it up. He admits that the prospects of more revenue are gloomy, though he is willing to give Dingley a month or two more. After that—taxes! But the deadliest stroke Mr. Dingley has had to suffer is in the official estimates submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress. In them the deficit for the current fiscal year is put at $28,000,000, and that for the fiscal year 1898-'99 is estimated at $21,647,000. That is to say, after giving Mr. Dingley all the time he asks, after waiting not merely a month or two, but a year or two, the Treasury officials report that the Dingley bill is destined to heap deficit upon deficit. In the face of this report the duty of Congress is clear and imperative. It must without delay find the money to pay the Government's bills. We say nothing of the terrible retribution which will overtake the Republican party if it does not at once put its hand to this work. The question is larger than a merely partisan one. To omit to provide sufficient revenue, after the tariff is officially declared to be inadequate, is to do the country a grievous wrong.

The Dingley Deficit is not without its indirect advantages. As an instrument of chastening, its effect upon the Republican party is already apparent and gratifying. We do not hear so much about the superior genius for finance which the Republican possesses by nature. Democratic incompetence remains the awful thing it was, but it is looked upon now with a more kindly eye; a fellow-feeling makes the Republicans wondrous kind, even to the Wilson deficit, and they walk softly as those who are themselves not ignorant of sorrow and deficits. We are all fallible mortals, and the ways of Providence are mysterious. Even Mr. Dingley is not wearing his financier's aureole in public any more. All this is refreshing, as is also the sudden zeal of the Republicans for economy in public expenditure. This even reached the subject of pensions last week. Instead of loud calls for a service pension, which we surely should have heard if the revenue had not been done to death by Dingley, the House resounded with laments over the enormous sum required for pensions, and hard things were said of some of the practices which had swollen the appropriation. Mr. Cannon flatly served notice that a deficit would be inevitable, not only this year but next, unless the severest economy were observed; and he and others had bitter words for the "widders," who seem to be as pestiferous in this pension business as the elder Weller found them in general. A great many wholesome truths were uttered, and the number of "battle-scarred sutlers," as Congressman Allen called them, who rose to denounce the slanderers of the old soldier, was much smaller than usual.

One of Mr. Dingley's plaintive and apologetic statements in his speech on his own deficit in the House last Friday unconsciously betrayed the topsy-turvy condition into which our whole system of public finance has fallen. "No one," he said, "who had anything to do with providing revenue, had any idea that the appropriations would be so large." Exactly. One set of men raise the money, or try to; another set spends it. The two sets have little or no coördination, work independently, vote taxes and appropriations alike in the dark and without definite responsibility, and then are thunderstruck when the balance falls on the debit side! The system, or lack of system, is ingeniously devised to bring about that very thing. It is a method without precedent in private business—except among destined or intending bankrupts—and absolutely without a parallel in the public finance of any country better governed than Turkey. We have fallen into it partly by chance, partly by the grasping after undue power by Congressmen, and partly by our happy-go-lucky way of transacting the public business. But now that its evils are so glaringly exhibited, one would think some effort would be made to return to sanity. Apparently none will be. Down to the close of the war the taxing power in Congress was harnessed, as it should be, to the appropriating power; and an amendment to the rules of the House is all that would be necessary to restore that normal condition. But no one in Congress suggests such an amendment. All Mr. Dingley can do is to appeal to a spendthrift Congress not to be spendthrift.

The *Bulletin* of the American Iron and Steel Association is a protectionist organ which is not reassured by Mr. Dingley's prophesying of smooth things about "the surplus next year." It sharply reminds him:

> "There would have been no present anxiety about a sufficiency of revenue if Congress, when it came to consider the details of the Dingley tariff bill, had clearly recognized the fact that prices for most manufactured products have fallen in this country so low that even moderately protective duties will suffice to prevent any considerable influx of foreign manufactures; in other words, that a tariff which affords adequate protection to American industries can no longer be relied upon to supply sufficient revenue for the support of the Government unless duties for revenue only be also provided."

But this fact was clearly recognized and set forth by Secretary Carlisle in his last annual report, and also by Senator Aldrich in his speech in the Senate. The protectionist newspapers, however, cried "Traitor!" to Mr. Aldrich, and the protectionist Congressmen shut their eyes and stuffed cotton in their ears and went ahead blindly trusting to luck. To trust to luck under the Wilson bill would have been wicked, but to trust to luck under a bill which is producing less revenue than that did was to display a sublime faith in Providence. But Providence was treasuring up its vast designs, as the hymn says, and evidently one of them was to teach Mr. Dingley and his colleagues what deficits they are and what deficits they pursue.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* cannot conceal his grief over "a tendency on the Democratic side to make the acquisition of Hawaii a party question." Still more depressing is the fact that many Southern Senators have "declared themselves opposed to any further territorial expansion," utterly "unmindful of Democratic traditions, which have uniformly favored the enlargement of American territory." Exactly; and how often must we point out that the party of Seward and Giddings and Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens is now standing in the shoes of the old Jingo, filibustering, and annexationist Southern ante-bellum Democracy? It is trying to follow the lead of Confederate brigadiers like Morgan in wresting Cuba from Spain and making it "American territory," as Texas was wrested from Mexico. It is also trying to clutch Hawaii, on the good old Taney Democratic doctrine that the dark-skinned natives have no rights that white men are bound to respect. This is the logical consequence of the prolongation of a party's life beyond the accomplishment of its original aims, until we listen patiently to Boss Hanna admonishing his slaves in Ohio that it doesn't matter if the party candidates do not suit them altogether; they must vote as he, the chairman of the executive committee, directs. Principles and candidates being alike indifferent, under the operation of "the organization," what wonder that "traditions" should become mixed, and that, for example, the junior Massachusetts Senator should now typify all that was evil in

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the foreign policy and dreams of the former captains of the Slave Power?

There seems no reason to doubt that, if the annexation scheme shall take the shape of a bill which must pass the House, it will get no support from the Speaker. Mr. Reed has an article in the *Illustrated American* which, without once mentioning Hawaii, is really, from first to last, a strong and cogent argument against its acquisition. During a conversation with the editor upon the policy of adding more territory at present, the Speaker dropped the significant remark, "Empire can wait," and the editor asked him to elaborate the opposition thus concisely expressed to the doctrine that it is the obvious duty of our country to increase its domain. Mr. Reed first shows, by various illustrations from history, that the extension of empires in the past has seemed to plant the seeds of their decay, through the tendency to discord developed by such extension, and then applies to our own nation the lesson thus drawn, that the "source of destruction is the failure of each section of a great country to keep abreast of the others, to think the same thoughts, and to promote always the common interest." He points out that there are now vast differences between the ideas and wants of our separate regions, and that the geographical differences are real and powerful. He urges that "the great aim of a nation should be to use all the appliances for advancing knowledge, to assimilate its peoples to a common standard," and closes with an impressive warning against all annexation schemes.

There are two proposals before Congress for dealing with the seal question. One is to prohibit American citizens from taking seals in any part of the Pacific Ocean at any time. This measure, which seems likely to pass, is intended to have a moral effect; that is, to serve as a reproach to the sealers of other countries, especially those of Canada. We say to them: "Look at us. We have the same right that you have to catch seals on the high seas, but we sacrifice ourselves for the sake of preserving the herd. Now why will you not do the same?" We know what the Canadian reply will be, because we have had it before. They will say: "You kill them on land where you have a monopoly. If you want us to stop killing on the water, in order to preserve your monopoly rights on the land, give us something in exchange. We have capital and labor involved in this industry, and the men who are asked to forego it must be compensated." The other proposal, that of Mr. Johnson of Indiana, is that the seals be all killed the next time they come to the breeding islands. This looks like a shocking proposition. It has the appearance of cruelty. It is repulsive to the feeling of humane treatment of animals, and it will probably be rejected for that reason; but if we can imagine that seals have rights in the premises, it might be asked whether it is more humane to kill, say, 100,000, or whatever the number may be, at one stroke, or kill an infinite number through all future time by keeping them going. The latter method, if practicable, would be the best for the human race, since it would insure us a constant supply of sealskins, but it could not be accounted preferable on the score of humanity to the seals. Mr. Johnson's idea is a very respectable one.

Gov. Black is said to be strongly opposed to the proposal to repeal his unstarched civil-service law, but he may have to consent to it before the session of the Legislature is over. The politicians of his party, all of whom have their men in the service, are very strenuous for its repeal; since in that way alone can they prevent a complete Democratic "clean sweep" in case the Democrats secure the governorship next year. Nothing but repeal is likely to save the Republicans who are in the service in this city from removal when Tammany comes in, for with a Tammany local Civil-Service Board the city regulations will in all probability be made to conform with the Black law. Platt and Black, by opposing repeal, will find themselves in antagonism with all the politicians of their party, and will be accused not merely of turning over the State to the Democrats, but of being unwilling to allow the Boys to retain the means of subsistence. There will be a lively time in the Legislature when the question gets before it, and the Governor, as well as Platt, may conclude that surrender in advance will be advisable in order to prevent the plain speaking about their leadership which would be one of the inevitable results of a party wrangle over repeal.

We trust that it is true, as reported in the *Tribune*, that another Maryland Surety Company has made arrangements to get control of the liquor-bonding business in this city which has hitherto gone to Platt through one of his sons, and thus to deflect a valuable stream of political revenue from Platt to Croker. This is in accordance with the fitness of things. As Croker said after election, the people have decided the "right of persons affiliated with Tammany Hall to go abroad in the pursuit of health and happiness." Of course, that decision carries with it the right to raise the money with which to go. Platt has had two or three years' enjoyment of the revenues from the liquor-bonding business, and it is Croker's turn now. Turn about is fair play in politics. Then, too, the liquor-dealers must get their bonds in the place where the "pull" resides, and that has been shifted from No. 49 Broadway to Tammany Hall. Furthermore, according to Bacon, "putrefaction is more contagious before than after maturity"; and as Platt has putrefied before maturity, while Croker has matured before putrefaction, all liquor-dealers desiring health and happiness should flee from Platt and flock with Croker.

The resignation by Mr. Griggs of the office of Governor of New Jersey to accept the position of Attorney-General of the United States creates a situation in that State which is somewhat complicated, and to assist in the solution of which there is no local precedent, as, under the present Constitution, no such vacancy has ever before been filled. The Constitution of New Jersey does not provide for any Lieutenant-Governor, but directs that the duties of the Governor, when his position becomes vacant for any reason, shall devolve upon the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate in New York State is the Lieutenant-Governor, but in New Jersey the position is filled by the election of one of the Senators by the Senate itself. It is settled that Senator Voorhees of Union County will be chosen President as soon as the Senate meets. Then, on the resignation of the Governor, the duties of the latter office will devolve upon him. What will his position as a Senator henceforth be? The best legal authorities agree that he cannot unite the duties of executive and legislator—cannot, for instance, vote on and sign bills as President of the Senate which he may sign or veto as Governor. At the same time it seems to be conceded that if he should resign his senatorship, he would have no status even after entering the executive chamber as Governor. As a result, there will apparently be a vacancy in Union County's representation in the Senate, which cannot be filled until the election of 1898.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* tells how the whites of South Carolina have succeeded in disfranchising, under the forms of law, almost all the black voters. A new constitution was framed in 1895, and put into effect without submission to the people, which followed the example set by Mississippi five years earlier, and required that an applicant for the suffrage, in order to enjoy the right, must be able to read any section of the Constitution, "or understand and explain it when read." This "understanding" clause was designed in each State to afford a method by which white registration officials might let in ignorant men of their own race, and at the same time keep out all blacks except those with a high degree of intelligence. The system has worked as was expected, and the South Carolina registration-books now contain

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the names of about 90,000 whites out of the 99,334 of that race of the voting age, and only about 12,000 blacks out of the 132,949 men of that color above twenty-one years of age. After the 1st of January, 1898, the Constitution requires that an applicant for the suffrage shall be able to both read and write any section of the Constitution, or show that he owns and has paid taxes on property assessed as worth at least $300. Meanwhile, a registration already secured lasts for ten years, so that for the next decade nearly all the whites are assured the suffrage without any further trouble, while only 12,000 blacks now enjoy the right, and it will be very hard for others to get their names on the list.

The time has been when such a device for suppressing the bulk of the negro vote in a State where the black men outnumber the white by tens of thousands would have provoked indignant protests from the Republican party throughout the North. Orators would have denounced the outrage in Congress, and editors would have inveighed against it in the newspapers. We shall hear and read very few protests now. Most Republican Congressmen and most Republican editors will simply ignore the subject. They cannot do otherwise while they support a Republican administration in disfranchising another colored race in another part of the world. There have undoubtedly been hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cases in South Carolina where blacks as well entitled to vote as whites have been denied the right because of their color, but all such cases together do not begin to compare with the number of educated Hawaiians who have been denied all share in the government of the land where they have always lived, by a little band of white men, largely foreigners, simply because of their race.

The right to publish private letters (which the publisher has honestly acquired) against the objection of the writer, was denied by the English High Court of Justice in the recent case of Labouchere vs. Hess and Mrs. Sala. Mr. Hess, the proprietor and publisher of the *African Critic* of London, in his issue of October 5, published an article entitled "The stock-jobbing of Henry Labouchere, M. P. for Northampton and proprietor of *Truth*, and late member of the British South Africa committee." The following paragraph occurred in the article:

"I have in my possession complete proofs that Mr. Labouchere also carried on his stock-jobbing transactions in later years, and, if necessary, I shall be quite willing to publish them; but before doing so I desire to challenge Mr. Labouchere to refute, if he can, the charges already proved against him by me. This is the second day of October, 1897. I will give him until the last day of this year—*i. e.*, three months—to have 'his innings,' as his friends call it, and take such steps to vindicate his character as the aspersions I have cast upon it call for. If by December 31, 1897, he shall not have taken any such measures, I intend, beginning with my issue of January 1, 1898, to commence a series of revelations about his latter-day conduct which, I promise, will pale the exposures already made into utter insignificance."

In a subsequent article Mr. Hess indicated that there would be included in his second batch a letter written by Mr. Labouchere showing why he (Mr. L.) "considers Jews good jurymen." This letter Mr. Labouchere was able to identify as one that he wrote a long time ago to the late George Augustus Sala, who died in 1895. He found upon inquiry that the wife of Mr. Sala had received his correspondence as a gift from her husband, and had sold it, or a portion of it, to Mr. Hess for money, applying the proceeds to her husband's benefit during his last illness.

Mr. Labouchere applied to the court for an order to restrain both Mr. Hess and Mrs. Sala from publishing the letter in question, or any others written by him to Mr. Sala. The defendant (Hess) contended that Mr. Labouchere had published what purported to be a letter written by him (Hess) which had been taken from the records of a lawsuit in the Transvaal. The court held that that fact did not warrant the threatened publication of Labouchere's letter to Sala, since it might have been shown to be a justifiable publication if the case had been brought to trial with witnesses, etc. The defendant contended also that he had a right to publish letters for the purpose of defending his own character. This the court was disposed to concede, but held that the publication of these letters was avowedly for a different purpose, namely, to blacken the character of Mr. Labouchere. The injunction to restrain the publication was then granted. His Lordship, in rendering his decision, referred to what he had understood to be a suggestion that the injunction, if granted, could be evaded by getting some one else to publish the letters. He remarked that Mr. Hess and his friends would stand a good chance of finding themselves in Halloway Gaol if such a course was adopted, and said he would add to the injunction words expressly prohibiting any improper use of the letters. Nor must Mrs. Sala publish any without Mr. Labouchere's consent.

The frank speech of Herr von Bülow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Reichstag on Monday week, effectually dispels any slight haze of uncertainty that may have heretofore obscured the purpose of the recent German occupation of Kiao-Chau Bay, which was ostensibly provoked by the murder of the missionaries Nies and Hennie. Crimes of this character are unfortunately of sufficiently frequent occurrence in China to afford clearly defined precedents for the course to be taken in like cases by the particular nationality whose subjects are concerned; the usual redress demanded being the punishment of the culpable and the infliction of a money fine, and these remedies being ordinarily adequately enforced through the menacing presence of a single gunboat at the appropriate time and place. When, therefore, without any previous demand upon the Chinese authorities, Admiral von Diederich appeared with his large force, and planted the German flag on the Kiao-Chau fortifications, it became apparent that the usual precedents were to be disregarded, and that some motive more potent than a desire for the customary redress was latent in the proceedings, especially when these were speedily followed by the despatch of an auxiliary German fleet under Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother.

Some alarmed and puzzled observers of other nationalities, whose interests in Far Eastern matters may thus have been impinged upon, affect to see in this highly significant movement of the Germans merely a temporary occupancy of Chinese territory designed to aid the Emperor in his cherished, but hitherto obstructed, plans for securing naval expansion; as a lever, in short, with which to facilitate him in what New Yorkers would know as "jamming through" the appropriation bills in the Reichstag. It would now seem that consolatory suggestion of this sort is illusion, and that the Germans, being there, intend to remain, and incidentally to enlarge their territory by way of securing additional markets for the goods of the Fatherland. Indeed, late advices indicate that the German forces have also occupied the town of Kiao-Chau, some eighteen miles inland, and we now have Herr von Bülow's announcement, apropos of this general business, that "the time has passed when Germany is content to look on and see other countries dividing the world among them"; when she can philosophically remain "content with a place in heaven." If the Foreign Minister is correctly quoted, it is clear that Germany has grown tired of watching and waiting upon the successful aggressions of others of the Powers in the unfortunate Middle Kingdom, and seeks to forestall whatever comprehensive grab of its territory Russia, England, France, and the new Japan may possibly have in contemplation. Aside from any question of sentiment, the business sympathy of Americans should be with the English in these gathering complications in the Far East. The English alone of the various nationalities concerned throw open any acquired territory to the free commerce of the world, while the Germans, Russians, and French take with them everywhere the odious barrier of a purposely exclusive tariff.

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THE MOMENTOUS DECISION.

In discussing the Hawaiian matter from the military or naval point of view, we must remember that the islands are sought as "the key to the Pacific," and that no island can be a "key" without a navy. A navy is to an island what a lock is to a key. Nobody values a key without a corresponding lock, and so, also, an island is for military purposes of no use to a Power which has no navy to defend it. For this reason it would be ludicrous for Great Britain to keep Gibraltar or Malta or the West Indian Islands if she had no navy to protect them. Without a large navy—double that of any other Power—she would hold them at the mercy of any country with a large navy with which she went to war, for that country would immediately attack her outlying possessions, knowing she could not defend them.

This is exactly our case. Taking Hawaii, we at once come into possession of the only outlying territory we have ever had, the only spot of our dominion which a foreign navy could attack with any chance of success. Our coasts we can defend; a landing on them for purposes of conquest, or for anything but destruction, would be absurd. But the minute we acquired an island 2,000 miles from our shores, the enemy's ships would start for it, not because the island was very valuable, but just to humiliate and discourage us, and get at the missionaries and their wealth. We could keep it only by a naval battle, and if we lost the battle, we should lose both our navy and "the key," for men-of-war in these days do not run away when defeated—they simply go to the bottom. Our coasts could then be freely ravaged by the enemy, and shells thrown into our cities, for the navy would not only have to be large enough to defend the island, but to leave a portion behind to watch over our coasting trade and our coasts.

That we shall ever have such a navy is very unlikely. Congress is Jingo by fits and starts. Sometimes it wants a navy and sometimes it does not. It is apt to be frightened by cost when dealing with matters for which there is no pressing necessity, and it is in the highest degree unlikely that it would go on, year after year, maintaining an enormous armament for the security of a group of islands so far away, and inhabited mainly by "dagoes" and "niggers" and sugar men. Hear what Captain Mahan said in this regard four years ago in the *Forum*:

"There is, however, one caution to be given from that military point of view beyond the need of which the world has not yet passed. Military positions, fortified posts, by land or by sea, however strong or admirably situated, do not by themselves confer control. People often say that such an island or harbor will give control of such a body of water. It is an utter, deplorable, ruinous mistake. The phrase may indeed by some be used only loosely, without forgetting other implied conditions of adequate protection and adequate navies; but the confidence of our own nation in its native strength, and its indifference to the defence of its ports and the sufficiency of its fleet, give reason to fear that the full consequences of a forward step may not be soberly weighed. Napoleon, who knew better, once talked this way. 'The islands of San Pietro, Corfu, and Malta,' he wrote, 'will make us masters of the whole Mediterranean.' Vain boast! Within one year Corfu, in two years Malta, were rent away from the state that could not support them by its ships. Nay, more; had Bonaparte not taken the latter stronghold out of the hands of its degenerate but innocuous government, that citadel of the Mediterranean would perhaps —would probably—*never have passed into those of his chief enemy.* There is here also a lesson for us."

Our position is and always has been considered unusually happy, in being a solid block of thickly peopled land like Russia, which no foreign enemy can get at. Our eagerness, therefore, to be vulnerable, to expose points of attack to invaders, is considered, and is, a singular fancy. The truth is, that the case is one of the many in which delusion is wrought by words. The phrase "key of the Pacific" was started by naval strategists in a scientific way, on the hypothesis that we should have a large navy, just as books like Jomini's on the art of war are written for nations having a large army. They are written for France, and Germany, and Russia, and Austria; not for Holland or Sweden. We have a school of very able naval strategists, on our part, who must, in order to make their demonstrations clear, assume the existence of a big navy, and a greedy, expansive foreign policy. These are as necessary to them as figures to a geometrician. In their mouths the phrase "key to the Pacific" has a definite meaning, but it lies in their imagination. As might have been expected, it has been seized hold of by Congressmen, without the smallest comprehension of its bearing, to help them in either hurling defiance at Great Britain or in passing naval appropriations.

In his article on "Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power," from which we have just quoted, Capt. Mahan further says:

"The United States finds itself compelled to answer a question—to make a decision—not unlike and not less momentous than that required of the Roman Senate when the Mamertine garrison invited it to occupy Messina, and so to abandon the hitherto traditional policy which had confined the expansion of Rome to the Italian peninsula."

And again:

"This is no mere question of a particular act, but of a principle, a policy, fruitful of many future acts, to enter upon which, in the fulness of our national progress, the time has now arrived. The principle accepted, the annexation of Hawaii would be no mere sporadic effort, irrational because disconnected from an adequate motive, but a first fruit and a token that the nation in its evolution has aroused itself to the necessity of carrying its life—that has been the happiness of those under its influence—beyond the borders that have heretofore sufficed for its activities."

That is precisely the way to put it. "This is no mere question of a particular act, but of a principle, a policy, fruitful of many future acts." As such it is as important as anything which has occurred in the United States since the adoption of the federal Constitution, and as such it ought to be debated. Considering this, the way in which the subject has been for four years left in the hands of sugar and other speculators, and bandied about as a means of making money for a few sons of missionaries, of keeping England out of an island, of curing lewdness and heathenism, and of securing a lockless "key," is certainly very odd.

At last the promoters have again laid the old treaty, drawn by themselves, before the body selected by themselves, to be "jammed through" in the manner approved by themselves. Having secured the concurrence of the President, for reasons which are marked by the same evasion and concealment of the real facts of the case, and the same word-play that have characterized the whole transaction, they evidently expected to slip it through the Senate without debate. They have failed, and now, characteristically, they are going to try a party vote in both houses, which would enable them to gain their ends by a mere majority. Like Steve Elkins, when trying to make money for "America," they leave no stone unturned.

We think it likely they will fail again, because Congress is becoming more and more aware of the gravity of the scheme. Capt. Mahan has laid it perfectly bare. His illustration from the history of Rome is most apposite. When the Senate directed the Consul to occupy Messina, it launched Rome on a new career, which was to build up the Roman empire, but it sealed the fate of Roman republicanism. The age of Cato, and Scipio, and Gracchus, the age of liberty and law, had come to an end. The age of Marius, and Sylla, and Pompey, and Cæsar, and Augustus, and Caligula had been entered on. The Empire had begun. As soon as provinces began to be acquired by conquest or fraud, the rule of the people ceased, and the oligarchical Senate took charge. The Senate had not been long in charge before the "princeps," or "boss," made his appearance, and told it what laws to pass and how the sham offices should be filled. And the princeps had not been long in command before the soldiers who won and held the provinces, made their appearance and put his office up at auction. And then, in another brief period, the whole fabric built up by so much valor and ambition and love of "expansion," fell into hideous ruin. If it does not point a moral as well as adorn a tale, no event of human history is fitted to do so.

Most of those who are pushing the Hawaiian scheme are simply after what our aldermen call "the stuff." Capt. Mahan gives some of them credit for wishing to carry our life, that has been the happiness of those under our influ-

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ence, beyond the borders that have hitherto sufficed for our activities. But he makes a great mistake in supposing that the diffusion of our happiness is any part of their programme. Moreover, although our borders have hitherto sufficed for our activities, unhappily our activities have not sufficed for our borders. We have still a large territory uninhabited, a large population imperfectly civilized or instructed, our new and growing commercial and manufacturing life poorly regulated, our system of taxation unsettled, our old religion half gone, with nothing new to take its place, great political corruption, widespread indifference to the duties of citizenship, no enlightened municipal government. We have none of the old Roman traditions which made the state an object of worship. In fact, for us to start on a career of conquest and annexation of populations to whom we should be compelled to deny the *jus suffragii* from the outset, would be to invite the destruction of this republic at an early date; in other words, the complete failure of "the great experiment."

Moreover, we are under the most solemn obligations to the civilized world not to diffuse our "happiness" or our "life" among other people in the old way. We have for one hundred years made known to all mankind, by every means in our power, that we proposed no annexation by conquest or violence, that we wanted no subject populations, that when we spread we meant to spread, not as Rome spread and as England has spread, through guns and trumpets and over mangled bodies, but through knowledge and trade, and law and liberty, and brotherly kindness; that no other modes of expansion were known to us, and that we were sure none other could bring permanent peace and prosperity. This was the wisdom of the founders of this government. A century of growth has cast no discredit on it, and given us no reason to doubt it. It is still our boast; and in spite of all Jingoes, missionaries, and expansionists, we firmly believe another century will show that they pointed out the true road to glory.

THE SAN DOMINGO PRECEDENT.

Hawaii is now offered to the United States by a government which does not rest upon the consent of the Hawaiian people, which owes its origin to a revolution against the government established by the natives—a revolution that would have failed but for the support of the United States Navy. In like manner, San Domingo was offered to the United States nearly thirty years ago by a President who had usurped the position, whose power was constantly threatened by a rival with better claims to the office, and who was assured the possession of his place only by the presence in the neighboring waters of United States men-of-war. For the time being, the navy of the United States was the navy of Baez, and a despatch from Commodore Green, July 21, 1870, stated that without the support of our ships of war he could not have maintained himself against his own people and would have been obliged to leave the island. Except that Grant's Secretary, Babcock, went a little further in 1870 than Minister Stevens did at Honolulu in 1893, the analogy between the two cases is complete.

The arguments then urged for the acquisition of San Domingo are so nearly identical with those employed in the case of Hawaii now that one needs only to substitute Pacific for Atlantic and make a few similar verbal changes to use President Grant's special message of March 23, 1870, again to-day. San Domingo was desirable "because of its geographical position." It "commands the entrance" to the Caribbean Sea and the isthmus transit of commerce. "Its possession by us will, in a few years, build up a coastwise commerce of immense magnitude," and give us "a controlling influence over the great commercial traffic soon to flow from east to west by way of the Isthmus of Darien." "In case of foreign war it will give us command" of all the West India Islands.

There was the same claim, in defiance of all the facts, that the people of the region which it was proposed to seize, favored the surrender of their land to another Power. "The Government of San Domingo," said Gen. Grant in 1870, "has voluntarily sought this annexation"—that government being one which depended upon the presence of United States vessels for its very existence. "The treaty was unanimously ratified by the Senate and President of the republic of Hawaii," says Mr. McKinley in 1897—this so-called "republic" allowing only 3,000 people to vote, of whom most are foreigners, while a protest against annexation is presented to the United States Senate which is signed by 10,809 men and 10,300 women of the Hawaiian race.

There was the same claim in 1870 as in 1897 that the country in question was too weak to stand alone, and that the United States must take possession to save it from itself. "It is a weak Power," said Gen. Grant, "numbering probably less than 120,000 souls [Hawaii has about 109,000], and yet possessing one of the richest territories under the sun, capable of supporting a population of ten million of people in luxury. The people of San Domingo are not capable of maintaining themselves in their present condition."

There was the same bugbear of foreign aggression in 1870 as in 1897. Gen. Grant declared that the weak people of San Domingo "must look for outside support," and added:

> "They yearn for the protection of our free institutions and laws, our progress and civilization. Shall we refuse them? I have information, which I believe reliable, that a European Power stands ready now to offer $2,000,000 for the possession of Samana Bay alone, if refused by us. With what grace can we prevent a foreign Power from attempting to secure the prize?"

There was the same proud humanitarian appeal in favor of seizure in 1870 as in 1897. Gen. Grant urged that we should take San Domingo because "Porto Rico and Cuba will have to abolish slavery as a measure of self-preservation to retain their laborers"; saying later that the act would "make slavery insupportable in Cuba and Porto Rico at once, and ultimately so in Brazil."

The San Domingo scheme of 1870 failed, and there is not a thoughtful American in 1897 but rejoices that it failed. None of the threatened evils of failure has happened. The people of San Domingo got rid of Baez not long after the United States war-ships were withdrawn from his support, and have maintained themselves ever since quite as well as before. No European Power has ever so much as offered to take Samana Bay. Slavery was abolished in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil many years ago, without the necessity of our possessing San Domingo. Best of all, the American republic escaped the eternal disgrace which would have rested upon it if Congress had not heeded the eloquent protest of Charles Sumner in the Senate of the United States on the 21st of December, 1870:

> "Vain to set forth, as the President's message does, all manner of advantages, 'commercially and materially.' What are these if Justice and Humanity are sacrificed? What are these without that priceless blessing, Peace? I am not insensible to the commercial and material prosperity of my country. But there is something above these. It is the honor and good name of the republic, now darkened by an act of wrong. If this territory, so much coveted by the President, were infinitely more valuable than it is, I hope the Senate would not be tempted to obtain it by trampling on the weak and humble. Admit all that the advocates of the present scheme assert with regard to the resources of this territory, and then imagine its lofty mountains bursting with the precious metals, its streams flowing with amber over silver sands, where every field is a garden of the Hesperides, blooming with vegetable gold, and all this is not worth the price we are now called to pay.
>
> "I protest against it in the name of Justice outraged by violence; in the name of Humanity insulted; in the name of the weak, trodden down; in the name of Peace imperilled, and in the name of the African race, whose first effort at Independence is rudely assailed."

Nor was Mr. Sumner the only New England Senator to give voice to this righteous feeling. Mr. Morrill of Vermont, who still survives to oppose ill-judged schemes of annexation, stood with his Massachusetts colleague in arguing against even the proposition to send a commission to San Domingo, nominally to investigate, but really to report in favor of the scheme. On the 20th of December, 1870, Mr. Morrill delivered a brief but vigorous speech

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on the question, in the course of which he said:

"And now it is proposed to initiate a step here that shall bind us to surrender and abandon all of these documents in the Library of Congress, the fruit of vast research for years, to an impromptu commission that shall go down there without any compensation, stay there no longer than they may find it pleasurable to themselves to stay; and then we are to have the final action of both houses of Congress upon a joint resolution for the annexation of San Domingo as a State, which contains but 125,000 people at most to-day, and confessedly illiterate and incompetent to take the charge of any State government whatever. So swiftly are we to have a State equal in power to any one of the original thirteen of which this Union was at first composed. Regarding this measure as one unwise and calculated to inflict vast injury upon my country, I shall oppose it at the threshold. I have never yet seen any experienced legislator that did not meet a question like this at the threshold."

That Sumner and Morrill were sustained by the people of New England appears clearly from a great mass of contemporaneous evidence. Joseph R. Hawley, who had then lately retired from the governorship of Connecticut, and is now a Senator from that State, wrote to Mr. Sumner from Hartford, after a speech on the subject delivered by the latter in executive session, March 23, 1870:

"What little I see concerning your speech on San Domingo greatly pleases me. The course of the Government for several years in these matters is demoralizing and dangerous. I would not have an administration negotiate an acquisition in time of peace without the previous consent of Congress. *We don't want any of those islands just yet, with their mongrel, cut-throat races and foreign languages and religion.*"

Popular support of the San Domingo job twenty-seven years ago was as conspicuously lacking as of the Hawaiian job to-day. Here and there a Republican organ, which either was in sympathy with the ring of speculators and adventurers who cooked up the scheme, or which felt compelled to sustain the Grant Administration through thick and thin, favored it; but Sumner's colleague, Henry Wilson, who voted for it only to avoid a rupture with the President, confessed that nine-tenths of his constituents were opposed to it; and when a popular demonstration was attempted in this city, the managers had to fall back upon the Collector of the Port for chairman, and could summon no speakers who carried greater weight than Congressmen Banks of Massachusetts and Fitch of Nevada.

COMMERCE AND BIG GUNS.

The notion that "commerce follows the flag" is of American or perhaps English origin, but it finds its stoutest advocates at the present moment in Berlin and among those who are demanding a great increase in the German navy. In the Reichstag on Thursday, Herr Hammacher, one of the National Liberals, gave his reasons for thinking that a large navy is necessary, saying:

"The most important thing is the policy of England and the United States. England's policy is evidently directed towards the formation of a Zollverein with her colonies. The United States also undoubtedly wish to protect themselves against our exports, but matters are coming to such a pass that other American republics are joining the United States in order to form a Zollverein. Pan-Americanism is for Germany still more momentous than Monroeism. The United States are not to be considered on the same footing as a single European state, but rather as an entire continent, with regard to production; and my opinion, which is shared by eminent statesmen and has also been expressed recently by Count Goluchowski, is that European states in the coming century will be obliged to coöperate in order to support each other in this struggle for existence with America. Germany alone would be powerless in the conflict, but we must take care that when the hour comes she is in a position to take her part."

This speech presents broadly the conception that commerce is gained, or at all events preserved, at the cannon's mouth, and not by offering one's goods of superior quality or at lower price than one's competitors. The allusion to England and her policy is rather malapropos, since that is the only country in the wide world that offers no obstacles to foreigners who may desire to trade with her or her colonies. Although she has the largest navy in the world, she never uses it to keep German goods out of Canada, or Australia, or India. She does not even use her influence that way. She does not believe that commerce follows the flag, but holds the contrary doctrine that the flag follows commerce, and that it does so whether big guns are carried underneath the flag, or only flour, pork, petroleum, cotton goods, oranges, and bananas.

If proof of this course of trade were needed, it might be found in the commercial marine of Norway, which is second in importance to that of Great Britain, although Norway has no navy worthy of mention. It is true that Herr Hammacher makes particular reference to England's expected policy of a Zollverein, or commercial union, with her own colonies. He cannot be unmindful of the fact that England rejected decisively the policy of a Zollverein in so far as it contemplated commercial advantages to the colonies in their trade with the mother country. But even if she were on the eve of adopting such a policy, how would it help matters for Germany to build more war-ships? Would she send a fleet to any British colony and demand entrance for German goods under penalty of bombardment at the end of eight hours? Such procedure may serve to extort an indemnity, whether right or wrong, from some country that has no means of defence, but such methods would not be resorted to in order to secure a market for German goods even in so weak a country as Hayti. That would be the surest way to cut off and destroy a market for one's goods, even if they were otherwise acceptable.

A British Zollverein is not the only ogre that troubles this German statesman. Pan-Americanism is even worse. He pictures to himself a union of the whole American continent bound together under a common pledge not to trade with Europe. Well, what would be the remedy for that condition, if it were possible? Would more war-ships and heavier guns make us fonder of European goods than we are now? On the contrary, such arguments for transatlantic commerce would simply be met with more ships and heavier guns on this side also, and in the race for naval supremacy we should prevail in the end, for two reasons: we should have the longest purse, and we should be much nearer to the scene of action. In any contest for commercial supremacy on the Western Hemisphere dependent on fighting power, we could beat Germany or any other European Power in the long run.

But where are the signs of pan-Americanism in trade and commerce? We see nothing of that sort in our present policy. We had the beginnings of it in the Wilson tariff. We then admitted wool, hides, ores, and other important products of South America free of duty, and had started on a course which really promised a great expansion of trade with the countries south of us. We have changed all that. We have put up the highest legal barriers ever known to trade with Argentina, and have erected new ones to obstruct our commerce with Mexico, Venezuela, Chili, and Peru. At latest advices, Argentina was studying means of retaliation, and will probably find means to favor Germany at our expense without resort to any kind of artillery except that of tariffs.

The members of the Reichstag, being not exactly fools, will no doubt be able to estimate the value of Herr Hammacher's catchwords. He wants what the Emperor wants—that is, a large navy—and he employs the kind of phrases which have been effective in other times and countries to conciliate and persuade those who must foot the bills. The clear truth is that ships of war do not make markets. They do not open foreign ports. They do not create buyers. There was a time when large parts of the world were in the possession of barbarous tribes, who had no appreciation of commerce of any kind, who had neither ports nor markets. It was necessary to employ force to give civilization a foothold. After that was accomplished, there followed a certain amount of strife between civilized nations for the possession of these lands, but that has all passed away. There is still a limited use for big guns and floating batteries, but not in the business of finding buyers for one's goods. Any market that Germany can acquire with the largest possible navy, she can acquire even better without it. Her naval prowess costs money and detracts from her power to

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sell cheaply. What she spends on her navy she cannot spend in cheapening the production of her goods. The same may be said of us and of any other country which cherishes the hallucination that foreigners, whether barbarous or civilized, can be made good customers by putting ourselves in readiness to blow them out of water.

FRENCH AND GERMAN COLONIZATION.

The rage for colonization which has taken possession of the French and Germans within ten years, is not unnatural in view of the spread of the British empire and the success of the British colonies. It is in some sort a revival of the conflicts for the possession of America which marked the last century, and made England cling so desperately to the English settlements on the coast. It has probably also suggested the German attempt to seize a bit of China, and, the reports say, to join in the partition of the Central Flowery Kingdom. The only part of British polity which either France or Germany, however, is competent to imitate, is the conquest of India. For the seizure and government of countries like India and China, very thickly populated and needing only order and security to continue their old life, both the French and Germans have machinery ready—that is, large armies and a host of trained officials. But it is almost certain that such countries can never be sources of profit. All England gets out of India is the salaries of a large number of English military officers and civil servants. India has been very useful in affording a field for many younger sons and well-educated middle-class youth who, within this century, have been, every year, thrown on the world to seek their fortune. England gets no revenue from the country, and is in constant danger of having it become a source of outlay. Nor does she get any revenue from any of her colonies. All she ever tried to do with them was to keep their markets for her own manufacturers, as soon as they had markets. This attempt continued down almost to the adoption of free trade, and it entailed a successful rebellion in this country, another not successful in Canada, and constant rows everywhere else. But England never had machinery, such as the Continental Powers have, for carrying out this policy thoroughly. Her political system is not adapted to it. The rights of the British subject under her own Constitution have always interfered with it, and ruined it in this country. She utterly abandoned it fifty years ago, as far as real British colonies are concerned. The last shred of it appeared two years ago, after the Tory Government came into office, in compelling India to abandon her very moderate duty on cotton goods, in order to open her markets to the Manchester men—a measure which has hardly been defended by anybody. It was just "jammed through."

For this sort of work the French and Germans are well fitted. They are very competent to regulate and castigate a huge population of an inferior race, and the Germans could probably supply a body of first-rate civil servants, as well as a large military force, for the task. The French have no civil servants who want to go abroad. They have a very large body of them in France, but they have no enterprise. They love their home and home comforts, in spite of small salaries, too well to seek fortunes elsewhere, and rely on frugality and saving and small families to make provision for children and old age. The total number of natives who emigrated in the four years ending 1893 was 37,891. Since the Revolution, in fact, the habits of the population seem to have entirely changed. The American colonies, founded by the old régime in the last century, were due in part to the readiness of the cadets of the aristocratic families to seek adventures abroad, and in part to the desire of the Church to make converts, and its great influence on the Government. But the great families are no longer potent in the state, and the Church has lost its power, and the young men of the aristocracy lounge in Paris, or, if very enterprising, write novels. The long wars of Napoleon, too, killed French enterprise. The army absorbed all the braver spirits and got rid of them on the battlefield. In addition to all this, the deaths exceed the births every year. In the one real colony, Algeria, there are only 270,000 French out of a population of 4,500,000, and, of course, a large proportion of these are soldiers and officials. There can hardly be said to be any French population elsewhere, and all efforts to promote emigration have hitherto been fruitless. So that although France claims enormous tracts of territory in Africa, and has some settlements in the East, there is not the least probability that French communities will ever grow up in them, partly because of the climate and partly for want of Frenchmen. The extension of the French area must, therefore, be mainly due to conquests, paid for by the Treasury at home, and involving prodigious loss of young life, which the country can ill spare.

The Germans have by no means so dismal a story to tell, but their efforts to colonize are nearly as futile. They have a large and increasing population and a considerable emigration, but unfortunately they will not go to German colonies. The bulk of the emigrants go to the United States and Brazil, a very few to other places, only a few hundreds to territories under the German flag The reason is very plain. They dislike conscription for the army, militarism, *lèse-majesté*, and general over-regulation. Wherever a German goes to-day under his own flag, soldiers and officials follow to provide him with government and look after his health and security. He finds himself still under paternal rule, and has to acknowledge the superiority of the "hochgeboren." Consequently, German colonization has to contend against the growing desire of mankind to manage their own affairs, vote their own taxes, and arrange their own lives. In other words, the two countries which have no conscription, no large armies, and in which men make their own government, even if it be bad government, are carrying the day and occupying all the waste places of the earth. We are colonizing this continent as fast as we can with self-governing colonies, and are showing no inclination to go to fight Spaniards and "Dagoes" for other territories which we could never occupy. We are doing on American soil exactly what the British are doing in Australia and Africa—setting up communities which decide for themselves how they will live and trade. The French and Germans are led astray by theories which some military men and Congressmen have been trying to spread among us, that markets can be made by armed conquest.

BANKRUPTCY IN THE UNITED STATES.

It seems to be thought that there is good prospect of bankruptcy legislation at Washington this winter, and this means that there is a good prospect of the passage of the Torrey bill. The so-called Nelson bill, which passed the Senate at the special session, is not a bankruptcy bill at all, as it is little more than a piece of machinery for enabling an insolvent to get a uniform discharge, good throughout the United States, which is something he cannot do now. It is consequently a bill to make insolvency easier and simpler, and the consequences of it less lasting than now. It is a bill in the interest of insolvents only, and it pleases only them and their friends in the Senate.

The essence of a bankruptcy bill such as exists in every other country, and existed for ten years after the war in this, is not that it should make an insolvent's life pleasant, but that it should be absolutely just to both creditor and debtor. For this purpose it is necessary that the creditors should have compulsory powers, extending throughout the United States, to bring the debtor who commits what are called acts of insolvency, such as failing to pay commercial paper for a certain period, into court, and force him to surrender his property for distribution. The reason why this is necessary is that otherwise the debtor, remaining in control of his property, can dispose of it in any way he pleases, saving such of his creditors as he pleases

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and letting the loss fall on the others. What are called "preferences," under the State insolvent laws, are merely based on a legal recognition of the fact that as long as the law leaves a man in full control and possession of property, it cannot possibly quarrel with him for making what arrangements he pleases with it. It may be said in reply to this, that fraudulent dealing with his property is even under such circumstances forbidden, and may be avoided by creditors, and this is true; but it is very little to the purpose, because, in nine cases out of ten, the proof of fraud is wanting. Hence, in the operation of a voluntary insolvent law, it makes little difference whether preferences are allowed or not; for the debtor, before he decides to make an assignment, will take care to arrange matters so as to deal with his property as a free man, save those whom he desires to save, and, down to the last moment, not give up a cent.

This shows that the argument that a voluntary bankruptcy law (based on the model of the State insolvent laws) would be preferable to the present system if it abolished "preferences," is totally unsound. Let the bankrupt himself fix the time when he will become a bankrupt, and the astuter man of business he is, the more actual preferences and injustice will there be. Hence the compulsory or involuntary feature of the Torrey bill is the vital point on which the controversy turns. It is for this reason that the bill is the one favored by the great commercial and legal corporations and by the House of Representatives. The Nelson bill, on the other hand, has almost no support outside of Congress, and its senatorial support seems to be the result rather of a misunderstanding of the nature of its provisions than of any solid opinion. The more the matter is discussed, the more plain it will be made that, without the creditor's having the power to set the law in motion, there can be no real bankruptcy law. For the just distribution of the assets of the insolvent, his own acts must be the means of fixing him as a bankrupt, and not his own choice. At the moment when the temptation to cheat and prefer and secrete becomes operative, the law must make of the acts revealing this state of affairs proof of insolvency; the debtor is relieved of control and temptation together, the law distributes the estate among the creditors, and the upright insolvent only is discharged.

There is, consequently, no honest and intelligent opinion in the country which can be in favor of the Nelson bill. The only class which can desire it passed is that of the insolvents themselves, and the passage or failure of the Torrey bill may be regarded as a sort of rough test of whether the country likes swindling or honesty best. There are those who maintain that there is a good deal of doubt on this point, and one of their strongest arguments is that, in the three experiments hitherto tried, a uniform bankruptcy act was never allowed to remain on the statute-book longer than was necessary to give the existing body of insolvents at the time their discharge; that object accomplished, it was immediately repealed. This argument can be met only by passing another act and not repealing it.

That dishonest insolvents constitute a large and conspicuous class in the community cannot be disputed. Almost every one has a few among his acquaintances, whom he meets driving in the Park, or observes drinking champagne at Delmonico's. Where they get the means of doing this is explained from time to time in proceedings supplementary to execution, and in the pages of *Puck*. Indeed, the comic papers generally make insolvency one of the high roads to fortune, which would be impossible in a community in which dishonest insolvency was looked upon with horror. But all this does not show that the community at large wants this state of affairs to continue, or to be perpetuated in the laws when an opportunity arises for abating the evil. The swindler at large may be an amusing, yet not a beloved type. Not many years ago, the dishonest trustee was imagined by many people to be a necessary permanent type in American civilization, yet laws have been passed making misuse of trust funds crimes, punishable by heavy penalties, and a number of convictions of notorious rascals have followed, and the embezzlers are now "doing time." The passage of a bankrupt law is not hopeless; and we hold that when the debate on the subject comes off, those who advocate one should not admit that there are two or three different kinds of bankruptcy systems, on which a compromise may be arrived at, but insist upon the truth, that there is only one kind known to the law and practice of civilized nations; the principle of which is embodied in the Torrey bill.

STEVENSON AND HENLEY ON THE LONDON STAGE.

LONDON, December 1, 1897.

In England, when anybody thinks anything needs doing, a society is at once formed. No matter what it is that has to be done, whether it is a ghost to be suppressed or a social millennium established, a poet to be honored or an academy exposed, the Empire to be strengthened or dress reformed, in a society you have the Englishman's solution of all problems, his remedy for all evils. Therefore, no sooner was the stage discovered to be in a bad way—artistically, not financially—than it was inevitable that the elect should band themselves together to set it right again. Indeed, we have had one association after another devoted to the elevation of the theatre, and are threatened with as many more. There was, chief among them, the Independent Theatre, which, at last, giving up London as hopeless, has gone on tour to redeem the provinces. There will soon be a Keltic Theatre, so I am told, with poetry and the now fashionable Irish fairies as allies and Dublin as headquarters. In the meantime, the New Century Theatre is left alone to the herculean task of lifting London from the slough of musical farce and music-hall vulgarity in which it is comfortably wallowing.

This special society began its career a year ago with the performance of "John Gabriel Borkman," for, when it comes to the point, the great grievance of all self-appointed theatrical reformers is that the usual manager who wants, among other things, to make money, refuses to play Ibsen so long as the public refuses to spend money to see Ibsen played. But this year Ibsen, who, to tell the truth, has got to be something of a bore as the model playwright, has been set aside for Stevenson and Mr. Henley; and the performance of their "Admiral Guinea," a drama that concerns itself not at all with social and moral and sexual enigmas, but with sheer romance from beginning to end, is an event of no slight importance, both literary and dramatic. Its production is excellent reason for the existence of the New Century Theatre.

The play is already well known to readers, though not to playgoers. It is published in the same volume with "Deacon Brodie," which some time since had quite a little run here and in America too, and "Beau Austin," which Mr. Beerbohm Tree brought out at the Haymarket Theatre eight or nine years ago. There is more action, more movement, more sustained excitement in the "Deacon," perhaps; "Beau Austin" has more of the stateliness, the picturesque elegance that is the charm of "Prince Otto"; but, of the three, "Admiral Guinea" has always seemed to me the most complete, the most perfectly rounded out, the most poetic in sentiment and language—in a word, the play in which Mr. Henley's influence can most easily be traced, his share in the work of this "pair of friends" who once, in his words,

> "loved to chance
> Their feet in any by-way of Romance,"

can most easily be detected. The dramatis personæ are few: there are the two main figures, the "Penitent and Impenitent Thieves," as Mr. Henley calls them in the Prologue written for the performance, the "Slaver Saint," and the "Blind Pirate," the latter none other than the terrible Pew who has long haunted most of us, even as he haunted the lad Hawkins of 'Treasure Island.' There is the daughter of the Penitent Thief. There is her lover. And that is all, for the landlady of the Admiral Benbow, like the furniture of her inn, is a mere stage accessory. The plot, or story, is as simple, direct, and straightforward as possible. There is in it nothing of the problem play, for a while the mode; nothing of the play in which the action depends upon the development of character; but rather its conditions are those upheld by Dumas *père*—"four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion"—conditions that steer very close upon the melodramatic. Indeed, in the hands of any but artists, pure Adelphi melodrama must be the result. But in this case the authors are artists, and you have instead romance, delightful romance.

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Pew and *Gaunt*, the one in the intensity of his villany, the other in the intensity of his saintliness, become two great romantic figures worthy to rank with the romantic heroes of other days—with Ulysses and Robinson Crusoe and Gil Blas, and Aramis, Porthos, and D'Artagnan. To bring the two face to face, to contrast them, is in itself an adventure; they meet, and at once "situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation," as Stevenson loved to find it in the work of other romanticists; at once a drama is created which is "so much emotion in action," as Mr. Henley defines the drama of Dumas. And, as is the central motive, so is each detail conceived in the true spirit of romance, to the very tap-tapping of the blind man, that recurs again and again, like the refrain in a ballad, and gives you the same delicious thrill of terror as when Robinson Crusoe comes upon the footprint in the desert island, or Christian passes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And this is only as it should be when you remember that the two dramatists are writers the secret of whose art is that they can make a romance of all things; one, the story-teller who has created for us Long John Silver, and Alan Breck, and the Master of Ballantrae, and Pew himself; the other, the poet, who, even as a child, could, by the magic of imagination, transform the quiet English town of Gloucester into the Bagdad or the Samarcand of the 'Arabian Nights.'

But, to make a work of art, something more than the romantic spirit is needed, and in "Admiral Guinea" we have this something more in the style, the beautiful prose in which it is written. The dialogue has the fine simplicity, the sonorous solemnity, almost the rhythmical swing, I might say, of Mr. Henley's verse. Take *Gaunt's* description of his last awful journey, when the hurricane came, and the negroes in the hold perished like sheep in a storm:

"For several days they were battened down; all the time we heard their cries and lamentation, but worst at the beginning; and when at last, and near dead myself, I crept below—O! some they were starved, some smothered, some dead of broken limbs; and the hold was like a lazar-house in the time of the anger of the Lord!"

Or again, his account of the effect this tragedy had upon his wife:

"She had long been dying slowly; but from the hour she heard that story the garment of the flesh began to waste and perish, the fountains of her life dried up; she faded before my face; and in two months from my landing—O Hester, Hester, would God I had died for thee!"

The play abounds in passages as stately and as musical. And, moreover, it abounds in passages that give you the clue to the philosophy of the authors—men both strong enough to love life, the mere living, to exult in it, to find it ample reward for having been born into this world of toil and suffering. There is no longing here for the poppied sleep, the end of all. *Arethusa*, her lover shown the door by her father, can still take heart: "And Kit and I both live, and both love each other; and here am I cast down! O, Arethusa, shame! And your love home from the deep seas, and loving you still; and the sun shining; and the world all full of hope?" It makes you think of Jaspar Petulengro and his philosophy of life: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?" There is another speech of *Arethusa's* in which one seems to hear distinctly the voices of Stevenson and Henley alike—Stevenson, who ever felt the zest of the game of chance with death that life was to him; Henley, who could find the poetry of living even in the hospital:

"In this world, you know—you have told me—*there is nothing perfect*. All we men and women have our sins, and they are a pain to those that love us; and the deeper the love, the crueller the pain. That is life; and it is life we ask, not heaven; and what matter for the pain, if only the love holds on?"

The play being the stirring romance it is, and the dialogue the rhythmical prose, need it be pointed out that none but the most accomplished actors could do justice to it?—and the accomplished actor just now is a rarity in London. But, as is the way with most of the societies working for dramatic salvation, the New Century Theatre would make its performances the opportunity for the rising young genius, as well as for the unrecognized dramatist—unrecognized, that is, by the money-making manager and the general public. "Admiral Guinea" has been intrusted to a company organized for the occasion, of whom one member alone has made a reputation—Miss Cissie Loftus, known hitherto as a pleasant music-hall mimic of other music-hall celebrities; her only qualification for the part of *Arethusa* a refinement of manner and voice which sets one to wonder how in the world it has survived her training. But refinement alone will not kindle into even the semblance of reality the girl who has love, pity, and fear to express. The young lover failed, too, from the very "breeziness" for which the critics have been busy praising him; he came fresh, not from the high seas, but from the Adelphi—a William Terriss, the Cockney's hero, in disguise, he seemed, bringing with him the unmingled atmosphere of melodrama.

But, after all, these are minor characters; it is about *Pew* and *Gaunt* that interest centres, and these two well realized, the others would matter little. But they were not well realized. Mr. Sydney Valentine struggled manfully, conscientiously, with the part of *Pew*, but in such a rôle mere conscientiousness in an actor leaves one cold. He had got himself up picturesquely, though he was not by any means the *Pew* of Treasure Island, the dreadful-looking figure hunched as if with age or weakness, in the old tattered sea-cloak with a hood that made him look positively deformed, a great green shade over his eyes and his nose. It is just possible that Mr. Valentine never heard of 'Treasure Island.' However, his appearance, differ as it might from the original, answered fairly well. The trouble was that never once could he complete for you the illusion, could he help you to see in the actor the real *Pew*, the "figure of deadly farce," the terrible *Pew* from whom all shrank instinctively; the humorous *Pew*, enjoying gayly, if grimly, his own whining "kind Christian friend," his own rich talent for lying; the inexorable *Pew*, sacrificing whatever and whoever it might be to the fury of his lusts and passions—a highwayman of the sea, with a touch of *Macaire* added. One watched unmoved that really awful scene in which the blind man, of a sudden, knows he is not alone in the room he has come to plunder, and cannot see whether it is man or ghost whose stealthy step he hears. In the written play the horror of it overwhelms you; on the stage it left the audience emotionless.

And so with the *Admiral Guinea*, as powerful a character in his way. Mr. Mollison was no less conscientious, and no more able to grasp the subtleties of the part he played. His *Admiral* was a dissenting parson, rather than the "slaver saint," with his sheaf "of humor, passion, cruelty, tyranny, life," steeped in the romance of religion as of old in the romance of his infamous trade, fierce in his struggle for salvation as for gold.

"Shadows for the boards" Mr. Henley calls his *Pew* and *Gaunt*. But shadows of these shadows the actors gave. Fine as a drama may be, it lies in the power of its interpreters to mar it, and this I think the New Century Theatre has succeeded in doing with "Admiral Guinea." Once more, as so often before, with all similar societies, it has been proved that what is lacking to-day is not the dramatist, but the actor. It has been a pleasure to see "Admiral Guinea"; it would have been a greater pleasure still had the presentment of so admirable a romantic drama not been seized as an occasion for young players to air their ambition. The reformation of the theatre has been begun at the wrong end. Good acting can save a bad play, but bad acting must ruin the best.

N. N.

CHUQUET'S NAPOLEON.

PARIS, December 2, 1897.

We may well say at the present time, what one of our great poets said in a famous ode *on Napoleon*:

"Lui! c'est toujours lui!"

The Napoleonic literature is increasing with an alarming rapidity; and the new historical school, which disdains no document, is finding new documents every day. One of the more prolific historians of the day is M. Arthur Chuquet; he has written no less than eleven volumes on "The Wars of the Revolution." A critic has said of him that he treats history like a pie, and gives us successive segments of it. Time was when a historian would have condensed into one or two volumes the matter contained in M. Chuquet's eleven octavos; but "nous avons changé tout cela," and have substituted the process of extension for that of condensation; we wish to have piles on piles of documents. M. Chuquet has, however, shown himself not incapable of condensation, as he has succeeded in giving a very exact and complete history of the Franco-German war ('La Guerre 1870-1871'); but this volume is probably considered by him only as a guide for future historians. Moreover, the subject was not of a nature to attract the general public very much; the present generation of Frenchmen does not return willingly to the lamentable events of what Victor Hugo called, significantly, "l'année terrible." M. Chuquet has found an attractive subject, which will allow him to begin a new series like that of "The Wars of the Revolution." He is preparing to give us a "Napoleon," and the history of Napoleon is so eventful that we cannot tell how many volumes will be necessary to exhaust the subject. We can, however, form an idea of M. Chuquet's plan by reading his first volume, the only one which has yet appeared. This volume of 494 pages is entitled 'La Jeunesse de Napoléon: Brienne.' It is

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devoted entirely to the family and childhood of Napoleon and to his military education at Brienne.

M. Chuquet opens his work with a long chapter on Corsica, the character of its inhabitants, the organization of the island, its struggles with Genoa and with France. Corsica became French in 1769, after the defeat of Paoli, at the battle of Ponte-Novo, and those who remained faithful to the cause of independence were designated by the French agents by the name of banditti. Napoleon was born in the same year, 1769, on the 15th of August (the battle of Ponte-Novo was fought on the 9th of May). His father was Charles Bonaparte; his family, which was of Italian origin, was one of the oldest in Corsica; it was of noble extraction, and was recognized as such after the French conquest (the Republic of Genoa had never been willing to recognize the Corsican nobility). When Boulay de la Merthe proposed, under the Directory, the banishment of all noblemen, Tallien said that this motion would send into exile the conqueror of Italy. Charles Bonaparte was married on the 2d of June, 1764, at the age of eighteen, to Letitia Ramolino, who was probably only fourteen years old. Both were very handsome. Charles was prodigal, fond of pleasure, of luxury; he easily became reconciled to the French. Always in need of money, he spent all his energy in obtaining favors from the Government. Letitia long survived him. At the age of thirty she was still, as Napoleon said, "belle comme les amours." She always retained her Corsican accent. She was very avaricious; during the Empire, many were the stories told about her avarice. "I must put money aside; I may have, sooner or later, seven or eight sovereigns come upon my hands," is one of the phrases attributed to her at the time when she was living at the Tuileries. She saw the wood well measured in the court; forced the daughter of Lucien to go to bed early, to save fire and candles. She was of an heroic nature, and, when she visited Napoleon at Elba, and he confided to her his plans, she did not dissuade him. "Let me forget for a moment that I am your mother; go, and follow your destiny."

Napoleon resembled his mother more than his father. Taine insists much in his great work on the French Revolution on the Corsican character of the Emperor; he represents him as an Italian tyrant who had found a larger field than a small city in the Apennines. M. Chuquet, after his description of the Corsican race and an analysis of its insular character, says:

"Napoleon resembles these Corsicans of the eighteenth century. He is of small stature, has fine eyes and fine teeth. He commits no excesses of any sort; he sits at table almost with regret—a quarter of an hour, a half hour at the utmost. . . . He drinks very little and eats too fast. Very simple in his dress, he wishes to wear the uniform of an officer of his guard. He has the strong clan feeling of all the Corsicans, and becomes a benefactor to all his family. The feeling of gratitude is as strong in him as the love of revenge, the spirit of vendetta. He has the firmness and courage of the Corsicans, the Corsican gravity. Like his compatriots, he is a natural orator—his proclamations, his speeches have a sort of natural fire; but he is a soldier, he is more concise than Paoli; he does not make Latin citations, having been but an imperfect scholar, but he speaks willingly of Cincinnatus or Tarquin. 'In Italy, in Egypt,' says one of his officers, 'he constantly spoke to us of the Romans.' He is superstitious, like his compatriots; he has his 'star'; he nearly faints one day merely because he has broken Josephine's glass, and says that she must either be ill or unfaithful. He is very fond of ghost-stories and likes to tell them. He is uneasy, cannot keep quiet; he cuts all his chairs, his tables with his knife. Like a true Corsican, he looks upon women as inferior beings. He will not allow them to meddle with politics. He scandalizes Madame de Staël by telling her that the woman he prefers is the mother who has the most children. It would be difficult to reconcile his natural contempt for women with his ardent and long passion for Josephine, if love was not often quite independent of respect."

I find in M. Chuquet's volume an account of the relations of Napoleon with the famous Laplace, which well illustrates his qualities as well as his defects. Laplace had been one of his examiners at the military school in Paris, after he left Brienne.

"Laplace acquitted himself well of his delicate task. Of a sad aspect, dressed in a black coat, obliged to use a shade on account of the weakness of his eyes, his gravity was imposing and he seemed severe. He was, however, moderate, polite, kind, and, under the Empire, still kept up the ceremonious ways of the old régime. . . . When he became First Consul, Bonaparte appointed Laplace Minister of the Interior; but this eminent mathematician was, like Gaspard Monge, a mediocre administrator. . . . Napoleon made him Senator, Chancellor of the Senate, grand officer of the Legion of Honor, Count of the Empire. He took his son as artillery officer. He accepted the dedication of the 'Mécanique Céleste,' and admired the perfect clearness of the book. 'It is for me,' he said, 'a new occasion to regret that stress of circumstances forced me into a career which is so remote from the domain of science.' From Vitebsk, in 1812, he thanked Laplace for his 'Treatise on Probabilities,' one of those works which 'perfect mathematics, that first of sciences.' Laplace was a real courtier, and artfully flattered Bonaparte; he encouraged him to make the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, and he was known to be so intimate with Napoleon that he was deputed by the Senate to sound the General on his acceptance of a ten-years' consulate. On his return from Leipzig, the Emperor was cruel to the academician. 'You are changed,' said he, 'and thinner.' 'Sire,' answered Laplace, 'I have lost my daughter.' 'You are a geometer,' retorted Napoleon; 'submit this event to calculation, and you will find that it is equal to zero.' Nothing can show better the hardness, the insensibility which had been produced in Napoleon by continued wars, the exercise of supreme power, and the spectacle of the servility of men."

The new historical school—to which M. Chuquet eminently belongs, as his volume is saturated with documents of all sorts—is bound to exact truth. We should like to know on what authority M. Chuquet cites this conversation between Laplace and Napoleon, but we are left in complete ignorance on this point. To me the answer of Napoleon seems too stupid to be true; it is in such bad taste and so heartless that it is impossible to believe it, great as may have been the effect on Napoleon of the various causes mentioned by M. Chuquet to explain his change of character.

Let us return to the school at Brienne. Its pupils were all appointed on special recommendations. Bonaparte owed his appointment to the recommendation of M. de Marbeuf. His father had to produce a certificate of nobility. M. Chuquet gives details of the organization of the twelve schools of cadets which existed in France under Louis XVI. After six years of study these cadets were placed as cadets-gentilshommes in the army, and destined to fill vacancies in the sub-lieutenancies. The school at Brienne, established on the 28th of March, 1776, occupied one of the thirteen convents which the Order of the Minims possessed in Champagne; the establishment was confided to the friars, and the life of the pupils was almost conventual. Napoleon's education was severe; he was regarded by his comrades as a foreigner, did not often take part in their plays; "in his quarrels he did not always come out the conqueror. He never complained to the Minims. In his eyes the master was the enemy. He hated the despotism of the monks. . . . Masters and scholars ended by having the same antipathy for this singular child, who lived in a sort of isolation."

Napoleon remained at Brienne for six long years. His favorite study was history; he read and reread Plutarch's 'Lives,' and filled his mind with the memories of Leonidas and Dion, of Curtius and Decius, of Cato and Brutus. He left Brienne, with four of his comrades, on the 30th of October, 1784, under the guidance of a Minim, to go to Paris, where he was to enter the military school of the capital.

He saw Brienne only twice afterwards. In 1805, when he was on his way to Milan, Madame de Brienné, the widow of an ex-Minister of War, asked him to make her a visit.

"On the 3d of April, in the midst of the multitude which had come from all the villages of the neighborhood, he arrived by the inclined road which leads to the esplanade of the château, saluted Madame de Brienne, and took possession of the apartment which was once occupied by the Duke d'Orléans. . . . The next day, Napoleon, escorted by Louis de Canisy, a nephew of Madame de Brienne, whom he had made his equerry and a baron of the Empire, visited the military-school. It was a ruin. Suppressed in 1793, sold as national property, the school had been totally demolished in 1799. There remained only the convent. . . . Napoleon galloped over the road to Bas-sur-Aubé, and, borne on his swift Arabian, traversed the woods and the villages, and many of the places where he had so often walked with the Minims. He made sixty kilometres in all directions without stopping. On his return he offered to buy her château of Madame de Brienne; she refused. 'Brienne,' he said to her, 'is a great deal to me.' 'And to me,' she answered, 'it is everything.'"

The second visit was made on the 29th of January, 1814. Napoleon had said in 1805, "This plain would be a fine battle-field." And so it became in 1814. He had to take the château by storm, to defend it against a return of Blücher. On the 1st of February a battle was fought and lost. It was the first battle which Napoleon lost on French territory.

Correspondence.

CITIZENSHIP OF HAWAIIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 2, pp. 432-3, speaking of a supposed election in Hawaii under the Revised Statutes of the United States, you say: "Enough 'outnumbering aliens' . . . would be left to bury him (Mr. Armstrong) in the drifts. The Hawaiians alone could snow him under to the tune of 39,000 to 3,000."

In re Kanaka Nian 4 L.R.A., 726 (1889) the Supreme Court of Utah, then a Federal tribunal, held that an Hawaiian could not be naturalized, but belonged to the same category as Chinese and Japanese, who, as you recognize, are ineligible to citizenship under existing laws as now interpreted. The

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decision above referred to has never been questioned, and it is but one of the numerous group of authorities which apply literally the language of the Federal statute and exclude from naturalization all save "whites," "Africans," and "persons of African descent." Annexation would, of course, no more change this rule than did the purchase of Alaska permit its Indians to be naturalized. Whatever, therefore, may be said of annexation, it clearly would admit to citizenship (and hence to the suffrage) no race or class not already eligible.

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES S. LOBINGIER.

OMAHA, NEB., December 6, 1897.

[Despite the decision quoted, the suffrage could be conferred on Hawaiians by act of Congress; and the most unblushing tramplers on Hawaiian rights have not proposed to do more than deprive its natives of the right to vote by some sort of legislative juggle. But the opinion cited emphasizes both the outrage and the peril involved in annexation—the outrage in robbing of the suffrage a people accustomed for forty years to electing their representatives, and the peril to us in taking in one more mass of aliens without the defence of the ballot.—ED. NATION.]

"THE MOST VALUABLE BOOK IN THE WORLD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a friend's house, a day or two ago, I happened to be turning the leaves of the *Outlook* for November 6, when my eye caught an article having the above title, and containing such choice bits of unintended humor that I cannot refrain from calling to one or two of them the attention of such Gothic scholars as may not see the magazine.

The article was written in Stockholm, and gives a very brief account of the Codex Argenteus. The writer was permitted by "Dr. Andersson, the professor in charge of the volume on the day" he called, to make photographs of its cover and of one page, which are reproduced in the article in question. The writer says:

"I asked Dr. Andersson for the book and chapter of this page, and he began at once to decipher it; but it is an immensely difficult thing to do. . . . He had not time to decide the location of the page. . . . He sent me, however, a week later, the translation from the third to the seventh verses, inclusive, of St. Mark."

This "translation," together with the letterhead of the University Library, he then also photographed, and it is reproduced in the magazine article, but there called "Dr. Andersson's transliteration into Swedish of the page printed opposite." Now, whether we call it a "translation" or a "transliteration" is of no consequence—it's a little difficult always to remember just what the difference is; at any rate, we are assured that it is Swedish, and corresponds to the Gothic of the opposite page. One is tempted to ask whether this is the Swedish that the writer used in engaging lodgings and in ordering his meals during his stay in Sweden. With Dr. Andersson he probably spoke English. Well, it may be a small matter, but it is worth mentioning that what the library assistant sent our writer was the most ancient Gothic we know anything about; in fact, it is exactly such a text of the Gothic Bible as may be found in any college library—though there may be some charm in having it with the exactness of photographic reproduction, in the handwriting of Dr. Andersson, which looks a trifle more learned than the print that we are familiar with.

It might also be mentioned in passing that Dr. Andersson seems to have forgotten just which page he let his American visitor photograph; at any rate, he sent him a transliteration of the page containing, as he says, Mark 7:3-7, while the reproduction of the photograph presents us with Mark 3:26-32!

But, of course, all this is beside the point. "In the midst of this present-day activity and life, when people, at least on our side of the sea, live so intensely in the present," pedantic accuracy is not needed or wanted. It is the spirit that is essential. Here is an ancient manuscript that, as every visitor to the Upsala Library observes, is highly prized. He is told that it is one of the earliest manuscripts we have of the Bible, that it is in the tongue of our ancient Teutonic ancestors, and that it has great philological value. The opportunity is too good a one to be neglected. There is no need of a knowledge of Gothic or of Swedish; the kodak is applied, a few notes are copied from Baedeker, and our literary or clerical American on his vacation hies him to the summit of one of the ancient burial mounds near Upsala, there to gain inspiration wherewith to clothe the article that is forming in his brain:

"No more peaceful sight ever spread before one's eye. . . . Dainty blue flowers are abloom on the crest of the hills of the gods, and the only sound is that of the distant tinkle of a bell where the herds are gathering for the night; there is no show of mailed men and savage battle-axes and rows of shining spears, no sound of rude speech, no call to battle, no challenge to the test of strength in the ferocious drinking-bout. The sun is slow sinking in the west; and far to the south, sharply defined against the rare blue of the Swedish sky, rise the great dark towers of the cathedral of Upsala standing their sentinel watch of the centuries over the silver-bound, purple-paged, priceless book in its oaken case in the steel-clad safe of the ancient home of Scandinavian learning."

With such a result as this—such a burst of mingled poetic reminiscences—who would dare raise his rude voice and ask impudent questions as to facts? Thou vain lover of the truth, go waste thy days in thy fruitless search, and let us glory in the glitter of what seems to be.

G. H.

DRAWING AS A COLLEGE REQUIREMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Drawing has found a place on the list of Harvard entrance requirements. Candidates for admission to the Lawrence Scientific School may, beginning with 1898, present themselves for examination in the elements of free-hand drawing.

It would seem that what is good for the technical school would also be good for the college. Where the elective system prevails, there is no hard-and-fast line drawn between classical and scientific students. At Harvard very many of the courses in the Lawrence are open to the college, and the candidate for A.B. may be found doing exactly the same kind of work as the candidate for B.S. Some knowledge of drawing is equally important for both.

Further, the opinion may be hazarded that a great many students, not especially destined to scientific or mathematical pursuits, would be greatly benefited by a preparatory course in draughtsmanship. The argument, which I have frequently heard advanced, that the value of it as manual training would be great to persons given over wholly to intellectual studies, does not seem to me to amount to much, for in draughtsmanship mere manual dexterity is of little account; the aim of drawing is seeing. Yet precisely for its intellectual value, drawing may well claim a place in the preparatory school. It demands absolute clearness of vision, a thorough-going insistence upon certain large truths of construction and values. It gives training in clear thinking.

Aside from this general consideration, the subject directly concerns the departments of the fine arts and of archæology. Electives in the history of art attract an increasingly large number of college and university men, of whom a majority go to their subject absolutely without preparation. Ignorant of the first principles of drawing—"Le dessin c'est la probité de l'art"—they fall easily into a weak dilettantism of which the most common and disagreeable manifestation is an unintelligent contempt for all the later achievements of art. It may be doubted whether any student is fit seriously to pursue the study of the history of the arts without a fair knowledge of design.

It will perhaps be allowed a schoolman to suggest the conditions under which drawing, as a new comer into the preparatory school, would have to be received. Such a course as is found in many high schools and academies—a weekly exercise of an hour's duration, spread out over four years—would simply weaken the work in other departments, and fail to accomplish any results in the way of draughtsmanship. Drawing, as it seems to me, should be put into the same group with the chemistry or the advanced physics of the Harvard requirements. Only those schools that have good facilities for teaching it should be expected to offer it, and the manner of preparation should be somewhat similar. That is to say, the work ordinarily should be concentrated into a single year, preferably that before entering college. As much time should be spent upon it as upon a stiff laboratory course, such as advanced physics is supposed to be. Two hours a day through the year would be a reasonable expectation.

To work out the details of such a course would be interesting. Suffice it here to say that an artistic art-teacher would hardly be content with merely meeting such requirements as the Lawrence has set up. The human figure, despite the fact that all artists agree that only through mastery of it can there be good draughtsmanship, is quite ignored. Correct delineation of architectural forms and of machinery is perhaps all that scientific students need, but it must be remembered that the greater includes the less. The big facts about the human frame ought to be in the possession of every one who essays to draw. Furthermore, composition receives no attention, though it is of more moment to the average person of culture who will never be a professional artist than any other department of art. It is every year assuming a larger place in the

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art schools; it would seem to deserve some consideration in secondary-school drawing.

Whatever defects, however, may appear in the course prescribed by any particular institution, every movement is to be welcomed that will help give to art standing-room in our secondary and higher education. It may be hoped that Harvard College and other colleges will eventually follow the example of the Harvard Scientific School.

FREDERICK WILLIAM COBURN.

BROCHURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of 'Lumen' to-day you say, "Back in the early forties a little book, scarcely more than a *brochure*, was published, etc."

A book is either a *brochure*, or it is not. It does not cease to be one when it is big. The 'English Dictionary' is coming out in *brochures*. Of course you are aware that the word means simply an unbound volume. Your reviewer, however, seems to think that the term has some relation to the size of a book; and as such an erroneous impression seems not uncommon, you may think it worth while to call attention to this small matter. If we must use French words in writing English, let us use them with precision.

G. H. F.

PHILADELPHIA, December 9, 1897.

[We fear our correspondent is overwise. Littré defines the word, for Frenchmen, as *"Petit ouvrage de peu de feuilles*, et qui n'est que broché." Hatzfeld, Darmesteter, Thomas define it as *"Petit ouvrage contenant seulement quelques feuilles d'imprimerie trop peu nombreuses pour former un livre."* Dr. Murray, who (with doubtful propriety, we apprehend) marks the word as not naturalized, defines it as *"A short printed work, of a few leaves*, merely stitched together; a pamphlet." In fact, "brochure" is an English synonym for "pamphlet," in contradistinction to a sizable book worthy to be bound if not actually bound. We did not italicize it, as our correspondent has done, and have no apology to make for using a French word in writing English. We should as soon think of apologizing for the use of "bouquet" in place of "nosegay."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

The fourth volume of Prof. Bury's edition of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' is soon to be issued by the Macmillan Co., along with volumes three and four of "Gossip of the Century," being 'Social Hours with Celebrities,' by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, edited by her sister, Miss R. H. Rusk.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in press 'Address on Christianity,' lectures by the late Dr. Henry Drummond, and 'The Monkey that Would Not Kill,' children's stories by the same author.

The A. D. F. Randolph Co. will publish immediately 'The Scarlet-Veined, and Other Poems,' by Lucy Cleveland.

'To London for the Jubilee,' the correspondence of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, by "Kit," editor of the woman's page in that journal, will soon be reprinted in book form by George N. Morang, Toronto.

George Routledge & Sons will shortly bring out a new edition of their 'Guide to London.' To the 20,000 Americans living in London, and the many thousands more who visit that metropolis, such a guide is a requisite. In this instance, they will have the benefit, as cicerone, of the Rev. Robert Gwynne, Vicar of St. Mary's, also known as the Greek Church, Charing Cross Road. Mr. Gwynne is admirably qualified for the work of editor.

Further announcements from T. Fisher Unwin are Dr. Birkbeck Hill's 'Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870,' with illustrations; 'Modern France, 1789-1895,' by André Lebon; 'Sir Thomas Maitland,' by Walter Frewen Lord; 'The Buccaneers and Marooners of America,' by Howard Pyle; and 'The Work of Charles Keene,' by Joseph Pennell.

Mr. Gerald Duckworth, stepson of Mr. Leslie Stephen, has taken No. 3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., and will begin a publishing business after Christmas under the style of Duckworth & Co., in collaboration with Mr. A. R. Waller, editor of Florio's Montaigne in the Temple Classics.

One of the most sumptuous books of the season is Gaston Vuillier's 'History of Dancing from the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times' (D. Appleton & Co.). It is a quarto volume beautifully printed, and adorned with more than 400 illustrations, largely possessing an antiquarian interest as copies of curious old prints, caricatures, posters, etc., along with many reproductions of classic art and of modern paintings of balls, *fêtes champêtres*, and the ballet. All this fits the work for the parlor-table and insures a temporary diversion in turning the leaves. M. Vuillier's text does not pretend to scientific authority, and is perhaps hardly to be called continuously readable. It is a chronicle not severely literary in form, touching superficially the matters brought together by the writer's diligence. It is naturally strongest on the subject of French dancing, but begins with primitive man (whose possession of the dance is denied on p. ix, and affirmed in a note on p. 1), and gives special sections to Spanish and modern Greek dancing. The first edition went no further, but Mr. Joseph Grego has added two chapters on dancing in England, which much improve the book, while not affording any sharp contrast to M. Vuillier's desultory style. An index also has been prepared for this edition.

The *de luxe* edition of Owen Meredith's 'Lucile,' just issued by Frederick A. Stokes Co., falls short of the distinction we attach to this epithet. The letter-press of the poem, with its broad margins, is irreproachable indeed, without, however, being exactly elegant, and it is marred by Mr. C. McCormick Rogers's trivial pen-drawings. On the other hand, the full-page water-color designs by Madeleine Lemaire seem rather crude chromolithography, and would not of themselves deserve high praise, accomplished as this artist is in her proper field. On the whole, we are better pleased with the binding than with any other part of the manufacture.

'The Making of Abbotsford, and Incidents in Scottish History,' by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott (Macmillan), is a title which promises to give us something new about Sir Walter. Unfortunately, the name of his home is only a lure to lead one far afield into early Scottish hagiology and more recent Catholicism. Out of 363 pages, Mrs. Scott devotes 22 to Abbotsford, and these we are bound to term extremely thin. Nearly, if not quite, half the space is filled up by excerpts from Lockhart's 'Life' and Scott's own 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.' The connecting narrative is unmarked by any special features worthy of praise. One is a little mystified by the appearance of such a paper at all; the more so when it proceeds from modern Abbotsford. Some light is thrown upon the puzzle by the consideration that this sketch was prepared for Mr. William Gibb's 'Abbotsford and its Treasures.' Whatever may have been its value in that context, we feel sure that it will cause some disappointment now. An erroneous impression of contents is conveyed by a taking title. Whether the three essays next following 'The Making of Abbotsford' may be considered to fall within the definition "Incidents in Scottish History," will depend largely on the reader's point of view. Their subjects are "Barbour's Legends of the Saints," "The Life of St. Margaret," and "St. Magnus of the Orkneys." We should class them under the literature of edification, though some parts of the setting are historical. The bulk of the book is occupied with short studies of topics which are very apt to interest Scotch Roman Catholics, and would interest the general public if their treatment but disclosed full and independent research. Mrs. Scott has, in almost every case, based her abridgment on certain sources which she candidly avows, but which, uncriticised and unsupplemented, are poor material for the historian. We do not feel called upon to estimate her account of Mary Stuart beyond saying that it seems typical of her method. One seldom meets such light-hearted neglect of what can be urged on the other side. The Marquis of Bute has aided Mrs. Scott in the preparation of her article on "St. Magnus of the Orkneys." To those who have read his rectorial address at St. Andrews, this collaboration will not appear strange.

It is but three years ago that we reviewed the concluding (fifth) volume of Creighton's 'History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome,' a work of high rank for English readers and students, which has just been reissued by the Longmans in six convenient duodecimo volumes, with a general index, and we can only recommend it anew. Its bibliographical and documentary utility is very great.

In keeping with their publication of Mrs. Browning's Letters, the Macmillan Company have very fittingly brought out the first complete edition of her Poetical Works, in a single volume. It is the inclusion of her youthful performances which distinguishes this collection from its predecessors; and the only omission is of the earlier translation of the "Prometheus Bound," which Mrs. Browning wished atoned for and obliterated by the later. The arrangement of the poems is chronological by volumes as originally published, but with a text of the author's final revising. Mr. F. G. Kenyon has thus edited with discretion, and Mr. Roger Ingpen has furnished a valuable chronological list of Mrs. Browning's works, and the index. We should add that this volume includes two prose papers—one on the Greek-Chris-

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tian Poets, the other on 'The Book of the Poets,' both dating back to 1842.

An excellent idea, and well carried out, is that of the 'King's Story-Book' (Longmans), prepared, it is to be supposed, by Mr. George Laurence Gomme. He, at all events, furnishes the very sensible introduction, in which he points out that English history and romantic literature are capable of furnishing children as much entertainment as fairy tales, together with some more solid benefits. He has naturally drawn most freely on Scott; but Shakspere is liberally quoted. The field covered is from Hastings to Waterloo, and, while tastes may differ as to some of the selections, they are, as a whole, such as to stir the blood of those who love to listen to the recital of valiant deeds.

The 'Lincoln Literary Collection,' by J. P. McCaskey (American Book Co.), contains some six hundred selections in prose and verse, most of them of a suitable length for memorizing. The collection is named for Lincoln because of the habit attributed to him of committing to memory such poems as he enjoyed. The selections are, on the whole, good; at all events, a sufficient number of good ones can be chosen from so liberal a supply, and the book may well be put in the hands of children. Mr. McCaskey's idea that many of them should be "learned by heart" is, in our judgment, commendable.

One of the most charming of Christmas books for children issued in a long time is 'The Second Book of Nursery Rhymes,' set to music by Joseph S. Moorat, illustrated by Paul Woodroofe (F. A. Stokes Co.). The nursery rhymes are the delicious old English nonsense about the cow that jumped over the moon, pussy in the well, and that sort of thing, and it is high praise to say that the pictures and the music are equal to the verses in quaintness and merit. The illustrations are artistic, and the music is surprisingly good, even in its harmonies, which in books of this class are usually commonplace and machine-made. Another meritorious volume is 'Gems of School-Song,' selected and edited by Carl Betz (American Book Co.). Mr. Betz is supervisor of music in the public schools of Kansas City, and his object in making this compilation was to acquaint the teachers of our public schools with the songs used in the public schools of Germany. Many eminent composers are represented in the list, and there are a number of folk-songs; all being arranged according to their subjects—spring, flowers, home, birds, soldiers, forest, hunters, etc.

We welcome the third volume of 'American Book-Prices Current,' compiled from the auctioneers' catalogues by Luther S. Livingston (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Two sales in particular, in the period covered (September 1, 1896-'97), the Bierstadt and the Roos, gave an opportunity to gauge the values of first editions of American authors. The Sewall collection secured $1,250 for a single book, the Book of Common Prayer of 1788, in which Franklin had a hand; and the Frederickson Library reaped $615 from Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' first edition, with autograph presentation inscription to Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. For the rest, it was made evident that the Shelley cult is rather feeble in this country.

In his 'Theory of Electricity and Magnetism' (Macmillan), Dr. A. G. Webster of Clark University has aimed "to present to the student the results of the theory as it stands to-day after the labors of Faraday, Maxwell, Helmholtz, Hertz, and Heaviside." This he has accomplished in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. A suitable mathematical introduction clears the way for an unencumbered discussion of the subject. The diagrams, which have been especially prepared for the text, are clear and attractive.

From Longmans, Green & Co. we have a translation, by Dr. C. V. Burton, of Ebert's 'Magnetic Fields of Force, Part I.' In this work the conception of lines of force is used in the exposition of the phenomena of Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, and Induction, and the subject is treated in accordance with the latest theoretical developments. The treatment is clear and concise throughout, and many experiments are described which well illustrate elementary principles. This method of presenting the phenomena by the logical application of the conception of lines of force makes clear the relationships between various phenomena which are too often overlooked by the student, and enables him to get a more connected and complete understanding of the whole subject.

Dr. Christiansen's 'Elements of Theoretical Physics' has been translated by Prof. W. F. Magie of Princeton (Macmillan). The work presents in compact form a review of many important topics in mathematical physics. By judicious selection of the material, and by considering only what is especially weighty, the author has been able to give a satisfactory discussion in limited space. The treatment is up to date, clear, and vigorous.

Anthony and Brackett's 'Text-Book of Physics' has appeared in a revised edition (Wiley & Sons) from the hand of Prof. Magie. The reviser has adhered to the original design of the authors in presenting the fundamental principles with brief statements of their experimental verification. The principal changes in the revision are: the omission of several demonstrations of minor importance; a rearrangement and enlargement of the Mechanics; the addition of a discussion of the kinetic theory of matter, and a treatment of Magnetism and Electricity by the method of tubes of force, with discussions of hysteresis and the Roentgen radiance. The Mechanics is treated more logically than in the former editions, and the discussion of flux of force furnishes a suitable preparation for the presentation of Electricity and Magnetism by the method of tubes of force. Sound is put in a more natural position, being placed after Mechanics and before Heat, and many minor changes and corrections have been made.

Mr. John Ritchie, jr., librarian of the Boston Scientific Society, has sent, without charge, to a large number of libraries, a "List of Books in English on Travel, Exploration, and Mountaineering, published during the year ending August 31, 1897." The List occupies 13½ single-column pages, very well printed, and the accompanying flyleaf suggests that the publication, if found useful, will be continued. It is an author list, without a subject index, but with a one or two-line critical opinion of each book. It will, therefore, be useful to those whose business it is to choose books for purchase, but the number of persons who would benefit by it would have been vastly larger had the titles been arranged by subjects, with index to authors. We notice a variation from accepted rules of cataloguing in placing De Amicis under A instead of D; but no misprints, except J. I. for I[saac] I. Hayes. In a few cases neither the title nor the cataloguer's comment gives even a hint as to what part of the world is described.

'L'Espagne en 1897,' by Gaston Routier, is the fourth edition of this Paris journalist's book, and is sent us by Lemcke & Buechner. It is pitched in a decidedly dithyrambic key, from "The more one knows Spain the more one loves her" of the beginning, to the final words, "Chapeau bas, messieurs, et salut à l'Espagne!" But despite this rather alarming tendency to gush, the volume has a good deal of statistical and political information which is of undoubted value. The personal details in the chapter on the Madrid press, for example, it would be hard to find so compactly given elsewhere. Frankly journalistic (M. Routier represents, we believe, the *Petit Journal*), the book nevertheless yields many an instructive glimpse of contemporary Spain. Every one in private, says the author, groans over the Cuban war and wishes it ended on any terms; but the same people in public pledge their last peseta and their lives to the defence of the "integrity of the national territory." And they mean it, too.

The current *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* offers nothing of equal interest to Prof. Norton's sketch of the late Prof. Child, and Messrs. Lane and Tillinghast's tributes to the late Justin Winsor. They add much to what has already been written regarding these two personalities (alike indefatigable, but otherwise very distinct), and show that no one hand could do justice to their remarkable qualities of head and heart. A heliotype portrait of Winsor and a portion of Kruell's engraving of Child accompany the articles, and will give posterity a true idea of their appearance. We should like to join the life-examples of these two men of an elder generation to the "Important Suggestions in Athletics" made in another part of this number of the magazine.

It appears from a recent article in the London *Notes and Queries*, that British soldiers no longer fight under a flag, and that the color-bearer's occupation is now gone. The flag of one regiment was laid up last summer in Lichfield Cathedral with some ceremony. In the course of this function the following statement, in a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, was read: "In future it would be madness and a crime to order any man to carry colors into action. You might quite as well order him to be assassinated. The Germans carry the poles on which the colors used to be, so that they attract no notice in action. We have had most reluctantly to abandon a practice to which we attached great importance, and which, under past conditions of fighting, was invaluable in keeping alive the regimental spirit upon which our British troops depended so much." This letter gives a glimpse of a department of military history on which standard authors are taciturn, but ought to speak out. An officer who was in a battle before Atlanta informs the present writer that Sherman there left his horse altogether to his orderly, and was himself dressed in the uniform of a private. How often Sherman or other officers took this expedient for making themselves less conspicuous targets for sharp-shooters, and how often, if at all, in our civil war, regiments fought without color-bearers, members of the Grand Army can tell us.

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The "words by Rudyard Kipling" attached to 'An Almanac of Twelve Sports by William Nicholson' (New York: R. H. Russell) do not enhance the worth of a decidedly attractive thin folio. The cleverness of the artist for strong contrasts and effective coloring overbears that of the verse-maker, who is all but bent on being as foolish as he can.

—Among the noticeable illustrated articles in the *Century* for December are one on "Tennyson and his Friends at Freshwater," by V. C. Scott O'Connor, and one on "The Wonderful Morning-Glories of Japan," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. If the latter leads to a convolvulus-variegation craze in this country, we shall know whom to hold responsible. The article is worth reading even by those who know little of flowers, for the reflected light it throws on the Japanese character. The Tennyson article contains some reminiscences of the poet's brothers which are certainly worth preservation, as might have been also a well-known anecdote of Septimus that we do not remember to have seen in print, making him reveal himself to a casual and astonished visitor as "not Alfred," but "I, Septimus—the most morbid of the Tennysons." The "Causes of Poverty," by the late Francis A. Walker, is a solid article, in which a good deal of humbug is demolished, as, for instance, the theory that rent is necessarily a progressive cause of poverty. The argument demolished may be stated in a very few words, as follows: Labor-saving improvements increase the production of wealth—for wealth labor and land are required; hence the effect of labor-saving improvements will be to intensify the demand for land, thus increasing rent, which is wrung from the poor. The logical answer to this is obvious: If the demand for land is increased, so may be the demand for labor; hence wages may rise as rent does. And so, as a matter of fact, they do rise. "In those forms of production which specially characterize modern society, the rate of enhancement of the demand for labor tends to exceed, and far to exceed, the rate of enhancement of the demand for land." E. H. House's "Edwin Booth in London" saves from oblivion a conversation about the drama between Charles Reade and Edwin Booth, reproduced from memoranda taken down at the time by Mr. House. It is Reade to the life, even to the little mechanisms of expression, as, "Give our actors a metrical speech to deliver, and—endure it if you can." Of Forrest he says: "A lusty cock on his own dunghill, he runs abroad into his neighbor's barnyard, and gets crowed down for his pains, and then he sulks, and tries to set two countries by the ears." To Reade the stage was a natural element—almost more than literature—and it is interesting to observe the deference with which all his statements and opinions about the details of the dramatic art are listened to by Booth. Reade insisted that the way for an English author to win the American heart was to keep clear of "injustice."

—The *Atlantic* contains a paper by Mr. T. W. Higginson on "Literary London Twenty Years Ago," which seems to carry us back much farther than 1878, the illusion arising from the fact that the principal people mentioned are now all dead and "bound up." He recalls one or two neat pieces of observation by Matthew Arnold. Mrs. George Bancroft had said that she had never known an English scholar who, if he had chanced to dine with a nobleman, would not speak of it to everybody, whereas no German savant would ever think of mentioning such a thing. "Very true," said Arnold, "but the German would be less likely to be invited to the dinner." He also pointed out that the word *mésalliance* was not English, nor was there any word in our language to take its place—the explanation being, of course, that in England intermarriage between noble and non-noble is encouraged. Dr. George Birkbeck Hill brings the correspondence between Swift and his friend Chetwode to a close in a fourth paper, which possesses a good deal of interest. It is curious to find that in 1729 one might, according to Swift, live in England, in the country, "with repute, and keep the best company," for £100 a year; and the editor cites Boswell's account of Peregrine Langton's housekeeping in confirmation of this. Swift as a correspondent, though always candid, was careful to avoid the familiarity which even among friends breeds contempt. In verse he allowed himself a license which leads Mr. Hill to think that the lines,

> "But laughed to hear an idiot quote
> A verse from Horace learned by rote,"

may have been a hit at Chetwode, who, in an undated letter, had referred to the ninth satire. Swift replies that it is "a miracle" to him how his friend "came acquainted with Horace." This is justly endorsed by Chetwode, "a very extraordinary letter, designed, I suppose, to mortify me." The correspondence ends sadly enough. As Thackeray says somewhere, Swift's mind in its sanity is so great that there is something awful in the premonitions of its decay and the gloomy shadow which his fate casts before it.

—*Harper's* article on "A Bird's Egg," by Ernest Ingersoll (with colored plates), is really the most interesting paper in the number, but there is a belated account of the Queen's Jubilee, by Richard Harding Davis, with many illustrations, and a collection of early letters of George William Curtis (contributed by George Willis Cooke), which contains one of considerable interest. It was written from New York in 1844, and explains his earliest views about association and individualism. For a young man of twenty, it shows a remarkable insight, and explains why he began his career out of sympathy with the Brook Farm experiment, though interested in it. "I feel," he says, "that our evils are entirely individual, not social. What is society but the shadow of the single men behind it?" Beginning as an Emersonian individualist, his life and experience made him a practical and political individualist, and it is interesting to see in this letter the germs of the character which made in the end an independent journalist and leader out of a man whose other youthful letters show him so sympathetic, impressionable, and adapted to be drawn into associated action of all kinds. Some of his little imitators who imagine that independence consists in "organizing a movement" against those who are not independent, should study this letter.

—The first part of "The Workers," by Walter A. Wyckoff, comes to an end in the Christmas number of *Scribner's*, and the current paper deals with life in a logging camp. If this is what he represents it to be, such Labor has got very little above the animal stage. His idea seems to be that the only cure for Labor is a sort of ecstatic religious revival. Mr. Wyckoff is now going to show us Labor at work in Chicago and other crowded centres, and there possibly the reader will find a higher type than the country produces. The general result thus far will do little but reinforce the view of those who regard realistic altruism as a virtue which should not go too far afield in search of its objects. Cosmo Monkhouse's article on Sir Edward Poynter gives some interesting reproductions, while "The Posing of Vivette," a poem by J. Russell Taylor, illustrated by A. B. Wenzell, is a novelty in its way.

—The State Historical Society has done something for leavening Wisconsin with a bibliothecal spirit. There are thirty-five free libraries in the State, each of which has more than 1,000 volumes, while the aggregate total is 238,855 volumes. One of these, in Menomonie, founded ten years ago by a lumberman, as a memorial of his daughter, has 6,121 volumes, and is free to all inhabitants of Dunn County. But one of its directors, J. H. Stout, observed that this choice library was of little use to 17,173 inhabitants of Dunn (a vast majority of the population of 22,664) who lived beyond the city limits of Menomonie, and who took out less than 3,000 books in a year. They were scattered over a region two-thirds as large as Rhode Island. In view of these facts, Mr. Stout bought 500 volumes, the most suitable, so far as he could learn, for rural circulation. He divided his purchase into sixteen libraries, each of thirty volumes, packed in a box which would also serve as a bookcase, and gave notice throughout the county, where he had been already known as a philanthropist, that he would send a travelling library for free use to every village, hamlet, and cross-roads where it could be suitably cared for, and as soon as one set of books had lost the gloss of novelty, he would replace it with a fresh series. In May, 1896, his first plant was at sixteen stations, but these during the year increased to thirty-four. Every book in the first ten boxes sent forth was taken out on an average twelve times in six months. The depositories were stores, post-offices, and farm-houses, so sequestered that there was neither store nor post-office in sight. This initiative of Mr. Stout induced the Legislature of the State to make enactments in furtherance of his movement, which everybody wishes had been started sooner. His example has also proved contagious. It has likewise provoked his brethren by the higher birth in Chippewa, Lincoln, and Wood Counties to emulate his endeavor, which was "to do the greatest good to the greatest number." His new departure seems likely to sweep the State like a prairie-fire, and make libraries as multitudinous as saloons. A pamphlet just issued by the Wisconsin Free Library Commission at Madison ('Free Travelling Libraries in Wisconsin') sets forth this history in detail, with many photographic illustrations.

—In a valuable bulletin prepared by Alfred J. Henry, and just issued by the United States Weather Bureau, relative to the rainfall of our country, it is stated that rain probably falls in the United States at one point or another every day in the year. Theories of rainfall are then briefly set forth, as are our limitations to clear understanding of all causes for sudden atmospheric cooling sufficient to produce precipita-

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tion, and some of the known forces (chiefly geographic) contributing to abundant rains. As to geographic distribution, a narrow belt of very heavy rainfall extends from Cape Flattery on the north to the middle of Oregon Coast on the south, and inland to the summits of the Coast Range. Precipitation on mountains is always large, though not as yet accurately tabulated. East of the one hundredth meridian the average fall varies from about twenty inches yearly to sixty on the Florida and Gulf Coasts. Local distribution of rainfall is erratic, the catch of two gauges but a few miles apart often showing a total difference of ten or even fifteen inches, a few thunder-storms alone being enough to account for the variation. Unlike ordinary weather conditions, droughts have apparently little progressive movement from west to east, but show a tendency to irregular recurrence in periods of from four to eleven years. The amount of water falling in a "cloud-burst" or "torrential down-pour" has never been accurately ascertained. The great majority of excessive rains of short duration in the United States occur east of the one hundred and fifth meridian, chiefly in summer months. Frequently they appear in connection with afternoon thunder-storms, occasionally happening in the track of West India hurricanes, and are less frequent inland than on Southern coasts. A series of fine weather maps and carefully tabulated results accompany this rainfall bulletin.

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.

William Blackwood and his Sons: Their Magazine and Friends. Annals of the Publishing House. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. London: Blackwood; New York: Scribners. 1897.

"A' contributors are in a manner fierce," said the Ettrick Shepherd, himself a contributor whom it would be hyperbolical to call polite. For William Blackwood and his sons the publishing business was a long and severe training in diplomacy, and about the Edinburgh offices there ever hung a strong aroma of warfare. After an Iliad of libel-suits bravely faced and duels averted, they have fitly received their apotheosis at the hands of a contributor, Mrs. Oliphant, whose reverence for the house, its traditions, and its magazine, attains the dimensions of a cult.

The genius for editorship which runs in the Blackwood family first displayed itself in the founder of the publishing house, William Blackwood the First, who, early in this century, began his career as a dealer in old books in Edinburgh. His first publication was a catalogue of his own books, and is noteworthy from the fact that it was the first in which the books were classified, and is still regarded as an authority. The Scotch agency for the great London house of Murray—an honor eagerly sought by every Edinburgh bookseller—gave Blackwood a footing which he was not slow to secure. Those were the days when the authorship of 'Waverley' was still a mystery to the general public. But in Scotch publishing circles it was an open secret, and when James Ballantyne, Scott's literary agent, offered Blackwood a work in four volumes to be called 'The Tales of My Landlord,' the ambitious young publisher knew that it was Walter Scott with whom he had to deal. He writes in a letter to Murray: "I naturally asked him, was it by the author of 'Waverley'? He said it was to have no reference to any other work whatever, and any one would be at liberty to form their own conjecture as to the author" (p. 57). So it was that, for a brief period of triumph, Blackwood became Scott's publisher. Unfortunately he prided himself on "taking an interest in the literary side of my business," and was rash enough to make some criticisms on the 'Black Dwarf,' whereupon his connection with Scott came to an abrupt close with the following expurgated note from the irate novelist:

"DEAR JAMES [BALLANTYNE]: I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. Tell him that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed, but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.
"W. S."

Thus did Blackwood's first publishing triumph become a two-edged memory. In the end, it was Scott that suffered. If, instead of returning, in a fit of resentment, to the shaky firm of Constable, he had left his publishing affairs in the reliable hands of Blackwood, he would have been spared the financial ruin that clouded his later years and turned his literary life into a painful struggle with debt.

Susan Ferrier, the novelist, whose vogue in her undiscriminating day was much greater than that of her contemporary, Jane Austen, owed her early success to Blackwood's encouragement. Her first novel, 'Marriage,' published anonymously, as was the fashion, drew a charming tribute from Scott, the last sentence of whose 'Tales of My Landlord' was as follows: "If the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister, shadow, he would mention in particular the author of the very lively work entitled 'Marriage.'" In her estimate of Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Oliphant's love of all things Scotch has run away with her critical sense, and the reading world, which leaves 'Marriage' unread, may well be astonished at her remark that Susan Ferrier and Jane Austen "now occupy a very similar level" (p. 42).

But, for Mrs. Oliphant, as for the firm, the story of William Blackwood's rise in his profession and his publishing adventures is but the prelude to that auspicious day in 1817 when, even as fifteen years earlier, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Brougham, at a casual meeting, had founded the *Edinburgh Review*, so John Wilson, Lockhart, and Blackwood put their heads together and produced *Blackwood's Magazine*—the immortal "Maga." Blackwood's first magazine venture had been unlucky; owing to the incompetence of his editors; and the periodical that rose from its ashes was managed by the three leading spirits, in a committee of which Blackwood was the predominant partner. "Maga" was a Tory rival of the Whig *Edinburgh*, and the politics of both magazines colored the literary articles and the reviews to a degree that we, for whom literature is independent of every criterion save that of taste, can hardly realize. Those were the days when newspapers were few and "not respectable," and men looked to the monthly reviews for political writing. The author might be alien to politics. "The Reviewer," says Lockhart, "does not mind that; when he sits down to criticise, his first question is not, 'Is the book good or bad?' but, 'Is this writer a Ministerialist or an Opposi-tionist?' . . . If the author has a nephew or a cousin or an uncle who is a member of Parliament and votes, that is quite sufficient" for both *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*.

Mrs. Oliphant has a keen sense of the romance of "the Trade," in the happy *tempus actum* before the author sold his work "per thousand words." Her description of Blackwood's home-coming on the eve of the appearance of the first number of "Maga" is worth quoting:

"He walked home in the keen evening air . . . with the precious little packet under his arm. He went into his house, where all the children—by this time a nursery full—rushed out with clamor and glee to meet their father, who, for once, in his excitement, took no notice of them, but walked straight to the drawing-room, where his wife, not excitable, sat in her household place, busy, no doubt, for her fine family; and, coming into the warm glow of the light, threw down the precious Magazine at her feet. 'There is that that will give you what is your due—what I always wished you to have,' he said, with the half-sobbing laugh of the great crisis. She gave him a characteristic word, half satirical, as was her way, not outwardly moved, with a shake of her head and a doubt. He was always sanguine, but she had no bees in her bonnet. Sometimes he called her a wet blanket when she thus damped his ardor—but not, I think, that night. And the next day all Edinburgh was ringing with the wild, witty, flagrant attacks upon all the nobilities. And the authors were the only men who did not venture to laugh too much over this joke, which convulsed their world" (p. 128).

We Epigoni, far removed from those Titanic enterprises may marvel at the *succès de scandale* achieved by the "Chaldee MS.," which Wilson and Lockhart, with the countenance of the "man in plain apparel," concocted for that famous first number. Mrs. Oliphant thinks it "scarcely necessary to explain" what the Chaldee MS. was, but we imagine that its very title is unknown nowadays to all but students of literature. This satirical composition, at which all Edinburgh shook and far-away London was moved, was an attack in Biblical language on the rival publishing firm of Constable, with a background of Edinburgh notables, including Scott, "that great magician which hath his dwelling in the old fastness." The descriptions of themselves by Wilson and Lockhart clung to them for life. Wilson figured as "the beautiful leopard from the valley of the palm trees, whose going forth was comely as the greyhound, and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame. And he called from a far country the scorpion, which delighteth to sting the faces of men." But the reader who is interested in those heroic days of literature will count the real scandal the bitter attack on Coleridge and his works which appeared in the same number. It was followed by the famous blundering article on the "Cockney School of Poetry," in which Leigh Hunt was the chief victim, though the writer of the article promises to attack in turn "the younger and less important members of the Cockney School, the Shelleys, the Keatses, and the Webbes." Blackwood was promptly threatened with two libel suits, one in London, brought by Leigh Hunt, the other in Edinburgh, by an advocate who had figured as a "beast" in the Chaldee MS. "All you have to do is to keep your mind in good fighting condition," wrote "Christopher North," from the safe shelter of anonymity to the less fortunate publisher.

The early history of the magazine, on which we have not space to dwell, gives a vivid picture of Blackwood in the character

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of Phaëthon vainly trying to control his plunging coadjutors. We may, however, remark in passing that, whereas for Mrs. Oliphant "Maga" was the turning-point in the fortunes of the Blackwood house, and a source of undying fame to its contributors, a very different view of its influence has been taken by Mr. Andrew Lang. In his recent 'Life of Lockhart,' Mr. Lang expresses a pious regret that Lockhart blighted his prospects by his association with the magazine. "It is painful for a biographer," says Mr. Lang, "to be obliged to confess his hero's inexplicable attachment to 'the mother of mischief.' But he is well assured that, while Scott did not indeed regard the offences of 'Maga' with our modern horror, still he did most earnestly endeavor, on every occasion, to withdraw Lockhart and Wilson from the cup of her inexplicable sorceries. Alas, to each might have been said:

" 'La laide Dame Sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall.' "

Mr. Lang can find excuse for neither the blame nor the praise of "Crusty Christopher," but his rhetoric is quite misplaced, for it is doubtful whether Lockhart could have done better for himself than he did by that lively career of Edinburgh journalism which indirectly led to his position as Scott's son-in-law, and gave him, later, the editorship of the *Quarterly*. Lockhart's claim to fame rests on his Lives of Burns and Scott, and his youthful indiscretions in criticism are forgotten save by the professional critic. If he blundered over "Shelly" (*sic*) and the Cockney School, we may remember that his criticisms on Tennyson's earlier poems were, in the main, just, as Tennyson acknowledged by his alterations of the passages criticised. In these days of huckstering criticism, when only ink is shed, when the minor poet lives by writing well within the comprehension of his century, and the minor critic lives by praising him, we may spare some indulgence for Jeffrey and Lockhart and "Christopher North," who lived in an age that would not look at Coleridge's 'Lyrical Ballads,' but devoured three editions of Leigh Hunt's 'Juvenilia.' The Blackwoodsmen did not cultivate the gentle art of suffering fools gladly, and in their joy of battle they made some serious blunders. "I now think with deep sadness of the pain my jibes and jokes inflicted," wrote the "Scorpion" Lockhart, later, of his share in that literary horseplay. "The Animosities are mortal, the Humanities live for ever," was Wilson's fine apology to Leigh Hunt.

Blackwood's Magazine was the first to publish a serial novel. Not the least interesting pages in Mrs. Oliphant's 'Annals' are those that describe George Eliot's connection with the Blackwood firm. The larger part of the correspondence dealing with this period has, however, been reserved for the third volume of the 'Annals,' which Mrs. Oliphant did not live to complete. The Blackwoods rejected Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers,' and declined the 'Hoggarty Diamond,' but their mistakes of this sort were few, and they erred rather on the side of enthusiasm for new writers. Lord Lytton was a constant contributor to "Maga"; we cannot refrain from quoting a note to the firm written by this ladies' novelist, in anticipation of a public dinner in Edinburgh:

"Pray, let me express a hope that the Music Hall will not be crowded with ladies—they always throw a chill upon every audience. Accustomed to talk, it bores them to listen, and their unaccustomed and frigid silence stifles every attempt at a cheer which the laboring orator vainly endeavors to provoke. If those fair refrigerators are to be multitudinous, I hope they will be ranged together, and not interspersed throughout, so as to leave the whole assembly despoiled of any spark of electricity by non-conductors of silk or muslin."

"Now that we are all dead," as Sydney Smith would say, the publication of the letters of the famous Blackwood group, which are of the deepest interest to the historian of literature, can hurt no one's feelings. Even Mr. Gladstone, who, if he cares for these things, can derive little pleasure from the recent biographies of his famous contemporaries, comes off here with nothing worse than faint praise. "I liked him much better than I expected," says John Blackwood. Mrs. Oliphant was herself for forty years a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and we may fitly conclude our notice of her last work with her own account of an early interview with the representatives of the house to whose history she devoted her last years:

"I had myself gone through many vicissitudes of life when I found myself in the winter of '60 in Edinburgh, whither I had come with my little family of three fatherless children. I was poor, having only my own exertions to depend on, though always possessing an absolute, foolish courage in life and Providence. . . . My contributions sent from Italy, where I had passed a year watching my husband's waning life, had been, as I can see through the revelations of the Blackwood letters, pushed about from pillar to post, these kind-hearted men not willing to reject what they knew to be so important to me, yet caring but little for them. . . . Why I should have formed the idea that in these circumstances, when there was every appearance that my literary gift, such as it was, was failing me, they would be likely to entertain a proposal from me for a serial story, I can scarcely now tell; but I was rash and in need. At the time I was living in Fettes Row, in a little house consisting of the ground floor and the basement below. . . . I walked up to George Street, up the steep hill, with my heart beating, not knowing what they would say to me. There was, indeed, only one thing they could say. They shook their heads. . . . I remember very well how they stood against the light, the Major tall and straight, John Blackwood with his shoulders hunched up in his more careless bearing, embarrassed and troubled by what they saw and no doubt guessed in my face, while, on my part, every faculty was absorbed in the desperate pride of a woman not to let them see me cry, to keep in until I could get out of their sight. I remember also the walk down the hill, and a horrible organ that played 'Charlie is my darling,' and how one line of the song came into my mind, 'The wind is at his back.' . . . I went home to find my little ones all gay and sweet, and was occupied by them for the rest of the day in a sort of cheerful despair. . . . But when they had all gone to bed, and the house was quiet, I sat down—and I don't know when, or if at all, I went to bed that night; but next day (I think) I had finished, and sent up to the dread tribunal in George Street a short story, which was the beginning of a series of stories called the 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' which set me up at once, and established my footing in the world."

Although the "Annals" are as yet incomplete, Messrs. Blackwood have wisely provided Mrs. Oliphant's two volumes with an excellent index. We need hardly say that the book is admirably got up in all respects.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

Goethe's saying that so soon as a man has done anything good, the world conspires to keep him from repeating the process, is well illustrated when a volume of unquestionable merit, such as Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's 'At the Gates of Song' (Estes & Lauriat) is at once handicapped by praises so extravagant as not merely to create a reaction in the minds of more deliberate critics—a result not wholly injurious—but to risk damaging almost irretrievably the standard of the author himself. If a man is told outright that his first book places him at the head of all poets of the nineteenth century, what hope is there that his second book will do him any credit? Great reputations rarely begin in a blaze of triumph; it is during a period of obscurity, *obscuro in ævo*, that the fame of Marcellus grows; it is the Martin Tuppers and Alexander Smiths who go up like rockets. There are fortunately many indications in this book that Mr. Mifflin is more modest for himself than are some of his critics for him, and that he may vindicate some of their predictions if they will only let him alone. Daring he certainly does not want, if printing a volume consisting exclusively of one hundred and fifty sonnets can demonstrate it; neither Petrarch nor Rossetti attempted as much, and we can recall no corresponding attempt except in the case of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Then it is to be remembered that the sonnet, of all forms of literature, has its own laws, imperious and vital; and not only does Mr. Mifflin venture on the dangerous experiment of six-syllable lines (p. 139), but he is often slovenly in his rhymes, though rarely in his measure; nor does he keep closely to the distinction between what is sublime and what is fustian. Both these defects are apparent; oddly enough, in the very sonnet selected by his most ardent admirer as having "no parallel in nineteenth-century English literature, unless it be Hunt's famous sonnet on the Nile," Let us quote this, by way of criticism (p. 23):

SESOSTRIS.

Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,
And ancienter than memory of things.
Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;
Disdain sits on his lips; and in a frown
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.
The affrighted ostrich dare not dust her wings
Anear this Presence. The long caravan's
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouins stare.
This symbol of past power more than man's
Presages doom. Kings look—and Kings despair;
Their sceptres tremble in their jewelled hands,
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air.

Compare the magnificent dignity of the closing lines of Shelley's sonnet on a similar subject, "Ozymandias," with the merely melodramatic terrors of the last three lines of Mr. Mifflin's; note the feebleness of sound in the line preceding these; observe the flagrantly false rhymes of "man's" and "hands," with the ungrammatical "ostrich dare"; and see how far the poem is from that perfection of external form which is the first test of a sonnet. In another sonnet selected by the critic for praise almost equally extravagant ("The Flight," p. 49), we find at the very beginning three words used as rhymes which have to a delicate ear three distinct terminating sounds, namely, "stood," "solitude," and "brood." It is useless to point out instances where poets of high reputation (Mrs. Browning, for instance), have used rhymes far worse than these—they doubtless have; but a sonnet is a sonnet; the false stroke which would not show on a statue may be fatal to a cameo.

For the rest, we may say without hesitation

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that no recent volume by a new American poet gives so much food for thought or so much real beauty of imagery as this by Mr. Mifflin, and it is not antagonism but good will that dictates these criticisms. The following sonnet seems to us one of the noblest and best sustained of those contained in the volume: its symbolic meaning is clear and elevated, and it rises with gradual swell to a fine conclusion (p. 109):

THE FRONTIER.

O Soldier, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled West;
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be—beyond all telling sweet—
After long marches with red danger fraught;
The wakeful bivouac; the assault and flight—
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught;
To camp afar—beyond defeat and fight—
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

Critics of the rough-and-ready school were, it seems, mistaken in the eagerness with which, a year or two ago, they consigned the sonnet to oblivion. There have appeared almost simultaneously two sets of American translations of the remarkable sonnets which won for the Franco-Cuban Hérédia an unexpected promotion to the French Academy. Part of these appear in the "Library of the World's Best Literature" (xiii, 7277), the translator being Prof. Maurice F. Egan, and the rest in a volume, 'Sonnets of José Maria de Hérédia,' done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor (San Francisco: Doxey). There is something improbable to many minds in the suggestion of a Frenchman, even if only a semi-Frenchman, as being a sonnetteer, although Prof. Egan reminds us that the Provençals claim that the very name came from the recurrent tinkling of their sheep-bells (*sonnette*), and that all Paris was divided between the merits of the two sonnetteers of the seventeenth century, Voiture and Benserade. But no one who reads Hérédia's poems, whether in the original or in the translation, will doubt that in his hands a new quality is introduced into the sonnet—something which neither Petrarch nor Rossetti developed—a fiery enthusiasm, a brilliant touch, and an astonishing command of technical and local vocabulary. Of the two translations, Prof. Egan's is the superior, as showing the more trained poetic touch, and he has also the advantage of measuring himself only against ten picked sonnets, while Mr. Taylor undertakes more than a hundred. On the other hand, Mr. Egan refines more upon the vigorous and daring dialect of the poet, and therefore gives us a little less of his flavor. Each is responsible for some feeble or lax lines, and in respect of rhymes Mr. Taylor is frequently faulty, giving us, for instance, *keen* and *skin, tongue* and *long; fume, boom*, and *foam; drear* and *where; on* and *own; then* and *gain*. In ordinary, loosely jointed lyrics some of these rhymes might pass; but a sonnet, we repeat, is nothing if not perfect, and Mr. Taylor himself claims for his author "technical perfection." Mr. Taylor gives us also quaint words of his own, such as *kissful, bashed, defeatures*, besides the perilously varied and often technical language of Hérédia himself. Nor can it be claimed that even the latter's artistic taste is perfect, when we find him capable, at least once, of unquestioned bathos. No one recognizes better what the French call veiled climax in the sonnet—the need of leaving each thought at high-water mark in the last line; yet who but a Frenchman would close the fine succession of pictures in "The Sunset" with two lines such as one might expect from a professional rhymer of the Bon Marché or the Magasins du Louvre?

"The sun on rich dark clouds sinks slow away
And shuts the gold sticks of his crimson fan."

Nevertheless, Mr. Taylor's work is well and honorably done, and has given to the English-speaking world the opportunity of some knowledge of one for whom Mr. Edmund W. Gosse has claimed, in his "Critical Kitcats," that he is probably, as to mere execution, the most remarkable poetic artist now writing in Europe.

No anti-climax, certainly, mars the strength of this fine sonnet, descriptive of fiery horses, with their no less savage riders, bathing amid the plunging waves of a rocky coast (p. 146):

THE BATH.

Like handsome antique monster, man and beast,
Bitless and free, the sea have entered in,
Midst the gold mist of acrid pulverin—
On fiery sky athletic group expressed.

The savage horse and rustic tamer with zest
Inhale the salty fragrance as with keen,
Abandoned joy their naked flesh and skin
Are by Atlantic's icy stream caressed.

The surge swells, runs, wall-like is piled,
Then breaks. They cry. His tail the stallion plies
Till azure wave in jets transplendent flies;

And with dishevelled locks and aspect wild
Their smoking breasts in passion they oppose
To foaming billows' lashing, angry blows.

Or this, of the Spanish conquerors (p. 113):

THE CONQUERORS.

As falcons from their native eyry soar,
So, tired with weight of their disdainful woes,
Rovers and captains out of Palos rose,
To daring brutish dreams mad to the core.

They longed to seize the fabled metal ore
Which in Cipango's mines to ripeness grows,
And trade-winds willingly inclined their prows
Toward the mysterious occidental shore.

Each eve, athirst for morrow's epic scene,
The tropic sea with phosphorescent sheen
Bound all their visions in mirage of gold;

Or from the fore-deck of their white carvels,
They watched amazed on alien skies enscrolled
Strange stars new risen from ocean's glowing wells.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in her 'In the House of Titian' (Copeland & Day), brings together the work of her later years under a title which well represents that instinct for color which in earlier years almost overcame her, but which she has now learned to control. In its place there yet remains at times a little film or mist, as of delicate lace, between her and her thought, so that while it charms it does not quite master; nor has she ever wholly equalled the lyric chord she struck in her very first published poem, the song, "In a Summer Evening," which so delighted Lowell forty years ago. In this she resembles Celia Thaxter, who was, like her, a child of the pine-trees and the sea, and who never quite caught up with her first verses, "Landlocked." In Mrs. Spofford's present volume there is a fine ballad—vigorous, fresh, free, and with that originality of rhythm which marks so much of her best work (p. 32):

OFF BRETON COAST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Put the boat round, and head her for the sea!
Did I hear, Damrosée? Did you answer me?
Has the wind so sweet a sigh as that whisper which went by?
Oh, bring the boat about, and head her for the sea!

Soft the old gray towers sink beyond the view,
Clouds of wings above them dark upon the blue;
Oh, the rooks come back at night, however long their flight,
But nevermore, Damrosée, those towers encircle you!

Up blaze the bonfires on the great bluff's side,
Tremblingly the bridegroom hastens to the bride;
With many winters' snows upon his head he goes;
Oh, tremble, dotard, like the lights that in your jewels hide!

Tremble! For the tide between yourself and her
Wide swells, and wider, a purple plunderer!
A thousand spears of light, it strikes your startled sight,
And every spear a foeman! and the great winds stir!

Many a time, Damrosée, have I sailed along the lea,
When nights were still and dark, and when glad gales were free,
Seen your towers shine where they stand, and *fair, I said, the blooming land*—
Oh, fair and broad!—but my dominion is the sea.

Oh, beautiful dominion, where the wild storms bloom,
Where field on field forever flies the foam-wreath's plume,
Where sleep the silver swells, where the moonlight weaves her spells,
Where sunrise like a spirit bursts from the gray gloom!

See, how far above us the bright sail takes its breath!
See, how far below us the great sea darkeneth!
Oh, Damrosée, wild the bliss, heart to heart and kiss to kiss,
With nothing but a tree's stem between our flight and death!

'Lyrics,' by John B. Tabb (Copeland), is handicapped by the multiplicity and extreme brevity of the poems, and a certain general similarity of tone to those preceding; but there is scarcely one of the small pages that does not contain a thought, and hardly a thought without a gem of originality. The curious resemblance to Emily Dickinson still continues; thus, the following might have come from either of them (p. 97):

INDIAN SUMMER.

No more the battle of the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
The autumn hails anew:
And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to Heaven again.

Or this (p. 28):

LIVERY.

Old-fashioned raiment suits the Tree:
Tho' flouting winds are fain
To strip the foliage, presently
He patterns it again;
Fastidious of chivalry,
Rejecting as in scorn
All other than the panoply
His ancestors had worn.

Sometimes there is promise of a more lyric and melodious quality than we have before attributed to this poet, as in the following (p. 29):

SLUMBER-SONG.

Sleep! the spirits that attend
On thy waking hours are fled.
Heaven thou canst not now offend
Till thy slumber-plumes are shed;
Consciousness alone doth lend
Life its pain, and Death its dread;
Innocence and Peace befriend
All the sleeping and the dead.

And the author has extended his range so far as to include a few sonnets, as thus (p. 185):

POE.

Sad spirit, swathed in brief mortality,
Of Fate and fervid fantasies the prey,
Till the remorseless demon of dismay
O'erwhelmed thee—lo! thy doleful destiny
Is chanted in the requiem of the sea
And shadowed in the crumbling ruins gray
That beetle o'er the tarn. Here all the day
The Raven broods on solitude and thee:
Here gloats the moon at midnight, while the Bells
Tremble, but speak not lest thy Ulalume
Should startle from her slumbers, or Lenore
Hearken the love-forbidden tone that tells
The shrouded legend of thy early doom
And blast the bliss of Heaven forevermore.

In Mr. E. C. Stedman's volume, 'Poems Not Before Collected' (Houghton, Mifflin &

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Co.), we gladly recognize the conscientious workmanship that is invariable with him, but are compelled to admit the presence of that larger element of the occasional and even the mechanical which is apt to mark the later productions of poets, and especially of those as much given as he to laborious task-work in the way of editing and criticising. We find him, however, at his best in the brief lines "On a Great Man Whose Mind Is Clouding" (p. 115), and in this exquisite poem on the deaf, dumb, and blind maiden, Helen Keller. Much as has been written on that rare and beautiful personality, this is the best yet achieved (p. 39):

HELEN KELLER.

Mute, sightless visitant
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea,
With guidance scant;
As if some bark mysteriously
Should hither glide, with spars aslant
And sails all furled?

In what perpetual dawn,
Child of the spotless brow,
Hast kept thy spirit far withdrawn—
Thy birthright undefiled?
What views to thy sealed eyes appear?
What voices mayst thou hear
Speak as we know not how?
Of grief and sin hast thou,
O radiant child,
Even thou, a share? Can mortal taint
Have power on thee unfearing
The woes our sight, our hearing,
Learn from Earth's crime and plaint?

Not as we see
Earth, sky, insensate forms, ourselves,
Thou seest, but vision-free
Thy fancy soars and delves,
Albeit no sounds to us relate
The wondrous things
Thy brave imaginings
Within their starry night create.

Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'t is we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind.

Messrs. Copeland & Day, whose establishment may be regarded as the Bodley Head of American poets, give us other thin volumes of varied merit from their different bards. Mr. John Vance Cheney, in his 'Out of the Heart of Silence,' offers nothing essentially different from what he has heretofore produced; Miss Hannah Parker Kimball includes in her 'Victory, and Other Poems' a single poem, "The Daughter of Herodias," which, although Browningish and also somewhat repellent, shows a power which she has not heretofore exhibited; while Mr. Richard Burton, in 'Memorial Day, and Other Poems,' shows a distinct advance, in various directions, upon his previous work. One of the most striking of these newer compositions, and one which has historic interest as the only portrayal of a unique and wholly American situation, is the following (p. 16):

THE RACE OF THE "BOOMERS."

The bleak o' the dawn, and the plain is asmoke
with the breath of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous
sound in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow embossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign
that the June is here.

They are faring from countless camps, afoot or
ahorse may be,
The blood of many a folk may flow in their bounding veins,
But, stung by the age-old lust for land and for
liberty,
They have ridden or run or rolled in the mile-engulfing trains.

More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that
is in their breast;
They think to possess the soil, to have and to
hold it sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden
wide of the West.

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is
noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles
the roads this way;
The blackleg stays from his cards, the song-man
ceases his tune,
And the gray-haired parson deems it is idle to
preach and pray.

. . . . . .

And over the mete away the prairie is parched
and dry,
A creature of mighty moods, an ocean of moveless waves;
Clean of a single soul, silent beneath the sky,
Waiting its peopled towns, with room for a host
of graves.

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn
full taut
Is the thought of the Boomers all: a sight that
is touched with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of
Law.

. . . . . .

High noon: with a fusillade of guns and a deep,
hoarse roar,
With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the
mad desire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and
the demon's din.

God! what a race: all life merged in the arrowy
flight;
Trample the brother down, murder, if need
be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land
ere night;
The Strip is open, is ours; to build on, to harrow
and sow.

. . . . . .

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails
thick-strewn with hopes
A-wreck did the Boomers race to the place they
would attain;
Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with
ropes,
The homes they had straitly won through fire
and blood and pain.

. . . . . .

While ever up from the earth, or fallen far
through the air,
Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of
all sad sounds;
The cry of an outraged race that is driven otherwhere,
The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless
Hunting Grounds.

In 'Aphroessa, A Legend of Argolis,' by George Horton (London: Unwin), the author, who is understood to be an American, seems to us to have done what Keats feared to do, and to have touched too late the beautiful mythology of Greece. In 'Trialogues,' by William Griffith (Kansas City, Mo.), we have a little book which would hardly, one would say, have come into existence had not John Davidson and Kipling gone before it in its very measures. If intended to be simply an imitation, it must be pronounced successful. Mr. Henry Hanby Hay's 'Trumpets and Shawms' (Philadelphia: Arnold) shows a distinct advance upon the rather crowded rhetoric of his earlier work, and interest is added to the volume by a preface from Hall Caine, addressed to the author as to a fellow-Manxman, though now a resident of the United States. Mr. R. W. Gilder scarcely does justice to his growing reputation in coming before the public in such very small volumes as 'For the Country' (Century); but he has the example of Whittier before him in this respect, and the same excuse with Whittier, that he writes as one with a message, which is, in this case, a manly and simple love of country. If to this can be added a touch of inspiration, the result is a fine one, and this was not always present in Whittier, nor is it wanting in Gilder. Even Lowell showed it, we must remember, in only one ode out of his four. Were patriotism all, there is enough and to spare of it in the curious volume of Japanese poems, 'Poetical Greetings from the Far East' (Tokio: Hasegawa), which, rendered successively through a German adaptation by Dr. Florenz and an English version by A. Lloyd, are presented in all the fulness of Oriental paper, and still retain a pleasing flavor of heroism and cherry orchards.

Is it possible that Canada, so long kept in the background and discouraged, has suddenly become possessed of two gold mines—in her Klondike range and in her poets? We called attention, long since, to the prominence rapidly being assumed by Mr. Carman, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Campbell among the writers of this Continent, and the little book called 'Ballads of Lost Haven: A Book of the Sea' (Lamson) has in some degree restored to Mr. Carman the leadership which he seemed to have risked by dallying too long amid Bohemian bowers. It is a hundred pages of salt sea, without a trace of Kipling, and yet having a sea-flavor as unmistakable as his, and with a finer touch—with less of repetition, less of mere technicality, and a more varied human interest. It has, withal, a quality of grace which is surely legitimate, when we consider that the sea itself, which is the strongest thing on this planet, is also the most graceful. A single poem like "The Master of the Scud" in this volume is, at any rate, enough to make a reputation, and no one who has ever sailed in a coasting schooner or ever watched a mackerel fleet into Gloucester harbor on the edge of a gale, can help being thrilled by the strong movement of the poem we quote (p. 29):

A SAILOR'S WEDDING.

There is a Norland laddie who sails the round sea-rim,
And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to him.
The Master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the line,
He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling brine.
He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;
And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his bride,
But their will is the wind's will who traffic on the tide.
Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down to light
The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night.
She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.
The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain;
And in the Ardise country the spring comes back again.

. . . . . .

The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's room;
And out at sea the Snowflake is driving through the gloom.
The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.
The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below,
And down the world's wide border they perish as they go.
They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.
They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to stern,
Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clew to ear'n'.
And where they move uneasy, chill is the light and pale;
They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before the gale.

. . . . . .

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They love the Norland sailor who dares the rough sea play;
Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him away.
They promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips,
To make before the morning the port of missing ships,
Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth again,
And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain.
A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears,
For him, and no more tidings of the departed years!
For there of old were fashioned the chambers cool and dim,
In the eternal silence below the twilight's rim.
The borders of that country are slumberous and wide;
And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide.
Within their arms immortal, no mortal fear can be;
But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea.
And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind astern,
And through the boding twilight are blown the shrilling tern.
The light is on the headland, the harbor gate is wide;
But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide.
Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Norland gloom;
The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with doom.
Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run!
There'll be a merrymaking to-morrow in the sun.
A cloud of straining canvas, a roar of breaking foam,
The Snowflake and the sea-drift are racing in for home.
Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale
The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her trail.
They scour and fly together, until across the roar
He signals for a pilot—and Death puts out from shore.
A moment Malyn's window is gleaming in the lee;
And then—the ghost of wreckage upon the iron sea.

. . . . . .

And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea-plain,
The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind again.
The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with glee,
And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea.
Once more that gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night is done,
And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the sun.

We do not wish to take too great a liberty with Mr. Carman by counting him in among American poets after his announcing himself, through an interview in *Black and White* about a year ago, as an "intense imperialist"; but as he has, so to speak, furled his sails and come to anchor in the peaceful harbor of Scituate, Mass., he must take the consequences. It is a great pity that some arbitration treaty could not settle for us the question of literary domicile. Why, for instance, should we habitually claim as American, through the accident of his birth, Mr. James, who probably could not find his way about New York, or Bret Harte, whose very heroes and heroines could not now make themselves at home in California; while on the other hand we do not include Mr. Kipling, who dwells half the year in Vermont, and sails out of Gloucester, and belongs to the American Authors' Guild? In the meantime let us welcome, wherever we find it, that touch of genius which makes the whole world akin.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

'The Slambangaree, and Other Stories,' by R. K. Munkittrick (R. H. Russell), is a collection of whimsical sketches, most of them very short and very slender, but pleasing in a small way. The title story, though the longest, has little originality—being merely a variant of the plum-pudding nightmare theme—and compares unfavorably with "The Turtle's Story," for instance, which is the last and one of the least in the book.

The ever-dear, kind, tiny, and powerful fairies hold the field in 'Prince Uno' (Doubleday & McClure Company). Children will never tire of hearing and reading about these little people—so small that only years of fruitless search can convince them that they may not some time, by extra good luck, meet one in the woods or garden, and be offered the three magic wishes which bring lasting content.

'Icelandic Fairy Tales' is the title of a thick book, translated and edited by Mrs. A. W. Hall (Frederick Warne & Co.). She has, says the preface, changed and softened some of the incidents to make more suitable reading for children, and doubtless this was needed. There is still enough left, as in all these Northern tales, of savage giants and greedy ogresses to satisfy the primitive instinct for horrors which most children possess and most parents are loath to foster.

The exactly opposite taste, the taste for the prosaic, will be gratified by Amy E. Blanchard's 'Three Pretty Maids' (J. B. Lippincott Company). This is one of those stories which enthusiastic young girls tell each other "might really have happened just so." No doubt self-love has something to do with such praise. If such every-day girls are worth writing a book about, the importance of all commonplace girls is increased. These pretty maids, however, are not unwholesome company, and their wise mothers' and grandmothers' counsels may profit more girls than the three to whom they are addressed.

Though its title-page names a list of books by the same author, Ruth Ogden (Frederick A. Stokes Company), 'Little Homespun' is one of those loose-jointed, halting stories which usually betray the beginner. Not the strictest propriety of tone nor the greatest elevation of moral enforced can prevent the conclusion that, when a writer's fourth or fifth book shows such artistic incompetence, it is time for a faithful friend to advise her to try cooking, making paper flowers, or some other less exacting profession.

A dear old lady, whose husband was notoriously tyrannical and ugly, once stopped a younger woman who was saying something in presence of a discerning child about unhappy marriages. "Unhappy marriages!" cried she, with a glance at the child; "why my dear, you know very well there's no such a thing." A similar warning ought to have been given Dolf Wyllarde, the author of 'A Lonely Little Lady' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). As a piece of writing, the book is better done than many child's stories, but its introduction of unnatural family relations makes it unhealthy reading for any child, except such an unfortunate as Henry James's Maisie, who sadly "knew it all already."

E. R. Herrick & Co. reprint in attractive form, and with liberal illustrations by Blanche McManus, some of Dr. Watts's best known 'Divine and Moral Songs,' under the title 'Childhood's Songs of Long Ago.' This was a happy thought, for the pieces are too good to lose; but it will perhaps be hard to persuade children to take the volume as seriously as some of the "divine" songs deserve, because the pictured children do look so very funny in their antiquated clothes.

A tale of frontier life in that past when the "Far West" was no idle form of words is 'An Oregon Boyhood,' by Louis Albert Banks (Lee & Shepard). This boyhood began in a one-roomed log-cabin little less than a half-century ago, and, in the years that followed, a wide-awake, open-eyed boy saw much that was worth recording. The book is written with quiet dignity, content to do without the sensational.

Why Mr. S. R. Crockett—"and him a minister, too"—should have picked out chapter 36 of his 'Sir Toady Lion' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) for the invidious comment, "There is no moral to this chapter," is hard to see. Are we to infer that the rest is approved—for instance, Hugh John's "gospel of dasht-mean," which is, that to avoid being "dasht-mean"—a depth of ignominy—you must give and take hard knocks, but never appeal to constituted authority to right your own and others' wrongs? "Too good" boys not allowed to read this book" stands for legend on the fly-leaf (an inscription, by the way, which might make it just a trifle lacking in compliment as a gift-book). We imagine a strict *censor morum* would wish to reverse it, and allow only the too good, prim, priggish, inactive fellows to read a book where the rough, careless, and selfish boy receives so much encouragement. That the book is written with technical skill far beyond the ordinary, and is full of good things for the old boys to chuckle over, it is needless to say—no part more so than the immoral chapter. But these touches of nature are most to be enjoyed when boyhood is far enough behind to rob the acknowledgment of former kinship of its shame.

'Mother Goose in Prose' is a large and rather sumptuous book by L. Frank Baum (Chicago: Way & Williams). Perhaps we have been mistaken in imagining part of Mother Goose's charm to lie in the sketchiness of her songs, which have left ample room for childish fancy; and if so, this book, which tells it all out in detail, as why and how the Man in the Moon came down too soon, and shows a picture of him doing it, will fill a long-standing, if not long-felt, want.

The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome; A Companion Book for Students and Travellers. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1897.

Prof. Lanciani is known in this country chiefly as the author of two popular works on ancient Rome. The one was made up of a course of lectures which he delivered in various American cities in 1886; the other consisted, in part, at least, of articles which had appeared in periodical literature. These were unsystematic books, in which he did not profess to treat a subject with any degree of exhaustiveness. They differ widely from his new volume, which is, as its title shows, a handbook for students and travellers, *intended primarily for use in Rome itself*. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this is anything like the ordinary guide-book. In fact, Lanciani is incapable of inflicting upon the reader a dull mass of facts, a dry manual crammed with merely useful and necessary information. His imagination is too exuberant, his fancy too free to be confined within such limits. Accordingly, we find here, as in his earlier books, that charm of language and that richness and variety of anecdote which made them such delightful reading. Lanciani has also

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a great advantage over the every-day writer of a manual of topography or a guide-book. The latter is generally a mere compiler; but our present cicerone is a man of independent learning, one who was for years in charge of the excavations undertaken by the Italian Government; and to hear from him the story of the ruins of Rome is to listen, like Dido to Æneas, to one who, in telling the tale, can add at every turn *quorum pars magna fui*. He is also a man of wide reading in unusual and mediæval authors, and his browsings in their heavy old tomes or his hunts through the sketch-books of artists of the Renaissance furnish him with many an interesting anecdote of the past and invaluable picture of palaces or temples which might be otherwise lost for ever.

This volume, of a little over 600 pages, is divided into four books. The first describes the fundamental lines of Roman topography —the site, geology, climate, water supply, walls, and roads. The second is devoted to the Palatine hill. Book III. is entitled 'A Walk through the Sacra Via from the Coliseum to the Capitoline Hill.' In Book IV., the rest of the city is described in an order which follows the *regiones* or wards of Augustus. The volume is illustrated with half-a-dozen double-page maps, a number of smaller maps and plans (some taken from the author's great 'Forma Urbis' now in course of publication), and about 200 process cuts, chiefly from drawings and photographs prepared expressly for this book. The work is, as a whole, by far the best which has appeared in English upon its subject; and even professed scholars will find in it much material which is not contained in the larger and more detailed books by German topographers.

Here, then, Lanciani appears for the first time before an American public in his proper character, that of a professional archæologist, treating his subjects in a systematic manner. The book, therefore, while not lacking the attractive style of his earlier writings, is free from that attempt to please a merely ephemeral and uncritical audience which was too often apparent in the others. For example, the sort of over-enthusiasm which led him, in his 'Pagan and Christian Rome,' to find in Tacitus, in Suetonius, and even in inscriptions, evidence that the Christian faith was accepted by various noble families as early as the time of Domitian, is here carefully curbed; and Acilius Glabrio is put in his proper place, in the reign of the Antonine, instead of in the first century. In this book, too, chapter and verse are given for the more important statements, and at the end of the description of each building, or the treatment of each leading topic, a brief bibliography is appended for the aid of those who desire a more detailed knowledge.

Among the best and most original parts of the book may be mentioned the section on the water supply and the drainage of ancient Rome, a real *urbs pensilis subterque navigata*, as Uncle Pliny justly called it; the account of the walls, the various systems of which are described, from the original stockade down to the elaborate fortifications of to-day; of the private houses on the Palatine—for example, Cicero's, which was owned at different times by seven different persons known to history. The chapter on the Sacra Via is also full of interest, although the large plan which accompanies it, otherwise excellent, is turned in the direction exactly opposite to that to which we are accustomed in plans of that locality. Another attractive part is that in which Lanciani describes the early settlements of Antemnæ and the Terremare in order to draw from them a picture of what prehistoric Rome must have been. But the most novel thing in the whole book is his full account of the very recent investigations which have led Italian archæologists to conclude that the Pantheon, as we have it, is not the actual building of Agrippa, but an entire reconstruction made in the time of Hadrian.

The maps and plans, particularly those of the *regiones*, will be found very useful. It is strange, however, that in the midst of so much new work we should find that the general plan of the Palatine hill is a mere reduction of the one which Lanciani published in his 'Guide au Palatin' in 1873; it is naturally now incorrect in details, and, in fact, it does not wholly agree with the smaller plans of parts of the hill printed in this very book.

Lanciani is not always happy in the inferences which he draws from the Latin authors. His interpretation of a passage is apt to be overstrained, if not absolutely false. Thus, there is nothing in Pliny, *N. H.*, 36, 24, 2, to prove that Agrippa himself was actually rowed into the Cloaca Maxima (p. 15), nor any detailed description in Horace, *S.*, 1, 8, 15, of Mæcenas's work in reclaiming the Esquiline (p. 100). It is more than doubtful whether the second ode of Horace's first book has any reference to the flood of the Tiber in 23 B. C. (p. 16). It seems hardly possible that this ode could have been written after the settlement of the Empire in 27 B. C.

Mechanically considered, the volume is on the whole creditable; but it is a great pity that publishers cannot find a paper which will "take" process cuts without being so heavy as to make a book a burden to hold. This one is, for its size, really tiresome. There is a useful appendix in it, containing lists of emperors, popes, painters, sculptors, and architects; tables of money, weights, and measures; and a list of the varieties of ancient marble. There are also two special indexes, but no full general index, which is much to be regretted.

Decorative Heraldry: A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. Eve. London: George Bell & Sons. 1897. Sm. 8vo, pp. 281.

It is a genuine surprise to meet with a treatise on heraldry presenting any novelty of design. With the revival of interest in heraldic studies, the public has been presented with innumerable text-books and guides; but as the rules are few and simple, and the symbols most formal and arbitrary, the various manuals have differed only in respect to the expense of the book. Mr. Eve has started a new idea in trying to extend the scope of heraldry, not only by calling attention to the beautiful examples of former ages, but by attempting to connect heraldry with other forms of decoration used in remotest times, as by the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Persians. We cannot concede that his examples have any relation to heraldry, and yet it is interesting to notice the artistic relation between decorations of entirely differing purposes. For example, on p. 69, he figures a design from Serpoula in Chaldea, of immense antiquity. It represents a lion-headed eagle displayed, grasping with its claws the backs of two lions passant in opposite directions. The treatment is entirely heraldic—that is to say, the posture of the eagle is entirely artificial, but distinctly decorative. Yet the emblem, whatever its intent, has nothing in common with personal heraldry, including the hereditary feature. So, again, in the designs upon their coins and gems, the Sassanian Kings bear a most curious headdress, an inflated ball surmounting the helmet. This seems to have been the peculiar device of the monarch, yet it has no counterpart in heraldry, though these Kings also used in their head-dress a crescent and a star, both favorite heraldic devices. Again, a statue of Sapor I. given by Rawlinson ('Seventh Oriental Monarchy') might almost be thought to represent a European King of the days of chivalry. He wears a mural crown of a strictly conventional type, his sword, baldric, and armored shoes are of a mediæval type; yet there is not the slightest reason to suspect that Persian art influenced that of Europe.

Mr. Eve has done well, however, in bringing forward examples of heraldic designs gathered from the churches and palaces of England and the Continent. The great gain to-art by the new processes of photography and photo-engraving is here clearly shown. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, heraldry was an art, and occupied a distinct and honorable branch of the arts of sculpture and painting. Now that these masterpieces can be reproduced at trifling cost by engravings, it is to be hoped that Mr. Eve will find followers.

Our author touches new ground, also, in his remarks about heraldic engravers. He points out that the herald-painters possessed the true artistic spirit, keeping within well-recognized limits in their drawings, and yet animating these with life and grace. But when heraldry appeared in print, the decline was rapid and distressing. The illustrations in Gwillim's 'Heraldry,' in the middle of the seventeenth century, are not only poorly engraved, but badly drawn. They are not archaic, but uncouth; an affected coarseness not resulting from mechanical ignorance, but from want of taste. As the art of engraving improved, however, the heraldic taste was steadily vitiated. The Peerages, with their hundred of examples of coats-of-arms, led the fashion; and while the wood-engravers rapidly improved in technique, it was all in the wrong direction. The lion dropped from the realms of heraldry to the level of the menagerie, until the Debrett of 1830 looks like a revised edition of Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature.'

The Victorian era, by its revival of the study of Gothic architecture, arrested the decline of heraldic art, and has witnessed a revival and improvement even more rapid than the fall. Perhaps the turning-point was the publication by John Henry Parker of Oxford, 1847, of Henry Gough's 'Glossary of Heraldry.' Here not only were the illustrations clearly drawn and well balanced, but the figures of animals were distinctly copied from better authorities. Evelyn Shirley's 'Noble and Gentle Men of England' was another example of the new school; and the genealogical magazines, the *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica* and Nichols's *Genealogist*, helped the cause. Above all, as Mr. Eve states, the Peerage

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and the Baronetage edited by Joseph Foster in 1880-2 firmly established the new school. The late Dom. Anselm and J. Forbes Nixon were the artists, and their work is most admirable. The revived taste for bookplates is fostering a school of designers of which T. Erat Harrison seems to be a worthy leader.

We cannot conclude without the melancholy reflection that American art has so far done nothing for heraldry. We have State coats-of-arms, and various town and city shields, besides many private examples. Our public attempts are simply atrocious. The national coat-of-arms is simple and appropriate; but the collection of our State shields is a gallery of horrors. Regardless of the evident fact that a national symbol should be simple and distinctive, something for the unlettered to recognize and remember, with hardly an exception our States set forth for a shield a panorama of emblems, full of petty details, utterly unfit for decorative purposes. The thirty-odd cities of Massachusetts have seals of which not over one or two are even passable. Boston has a seal overloaded with inscriptions, but the centre is taken up with a landscape view of the city with vessels and boats in the foreground. And this monstrosity stands when any herald would have jumped at the chance to place instead a tri-mountain, properly delineated with a few bold strokes. Worcester has an admirable seal, a crowned heart, for the "Heart of the Commonwealth." Somerville has a good idea, injured by too much detail, viz., a Minuteman. The remainder of the cities have railroad trains and sawmills, bridges and school-houses, each worse than its fellows. When heraldry as an important part of decorative architecture is recognized and studied in the United States, we may hope to see some of these faults corrected.

The Decoration of Houses. By Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1897.

One opens a new book on decoration with a weary anticipation, remembering how much has been lately written on the subject for Americans, and to how little purpose; but now the whole style and practice of decoration has changed, and the teaching of the last generation has become obsolete. 'The Decoration of Houses,' a handsome, interesting, and well-written book, not only is an example of the recent reversion to quasi-classic styles and methods, but signalizes the complete reaction that has thrown to the winds, even before the public discovered it, perhaps, the lately accepted doctrines of constructive virtue, sincerity, and the beauty of use. The authors take the new ground uncompromisingly, snap their fingers at sincerity, have no horror of shams, and stand simply on proportion, harmony of lines, and other architectural qualities. "Any *trompe-d'œil* is permissible in decorative design," they say, "if it gives an impression of pleasure." To this have we already come; yet it seems not to have produced harmony between the outside and the inside of their volume.

The thread of their discussion is historical. Its fifty illustrations, taken from Italian, French, and English interiors, with a somewhat omnivorous appetite, are of various interest; but the book is the fruit of study, and of a larger knowledge of examples than has commonly been the case with its predecessors. It is aimed, not at professional readers, but at the public, whom it instructs with many intelligent criticisms and sensible directions, calling their attention to artistic aspects of decoration which have been neglected by writers of the last dispensation. It touches the root of present difficulty when it says, in the preface, that "the vulgarity of current decoration has its source in the indifference of the wealthy to architectural fitness." But, to the authors, architectural fitness means agreeable proportions and combination of lines, and no more.

The temptation of the literature that we have left behind was that any ready-witted writer could discourse magisterially about decoration; and, inasmuch as his material was pure theory, it called for neither experience nor knowledge, nor yet for artistic or technical acquirement; in truth, after the beginning, the writers were mainly literary men and amateurs. Nevertheless there were valuable truths in their writings, and principles which, under due limitation, should have infused freshness, vitality, and manliness into decorative work. If these have been forgotten before they have borne their due fruit, the fault may have been in the narrowness, vehemence, and want of technical enlightenment with which they were urged. But whether we are morally wise, or historically, the things we need for decorative work are taste and instinct for form—qualities which still wait their development among Americans. Till these are evolved, we must either intrust ourselves to professional hands, or be left to vibrate between the dicta of dilettanti on the one hand and doctrinaires on the other.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bamberger, Ludwig. Studien und Meditationen. Berlin: Rosenbaum & Hart.
Banks, Martha B. Castle Daffodil. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.
Baum, L. F. Mother Goose in Prose. Chicago: Way & Williams. $2.
Bellaigue, Camille. Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Berenson, Bernhard. The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance. Illustrated. Putnams. $5.
Bettelheim, Anton. Biographisches Jarhbuch und Deutscher Nekrolog. Band I. Berlin: Georg Reimer.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Dear Little Girl. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Blanchard, Amy E. Three Pretty Maids. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Boyland, Grace D. The Old House, and Other Poems and Sketches. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co.
Boyle, Virginia F. Brokenburne: A Southern Auntie's War Tale. New York: E. R. Herrick & Co. $1.50.
Boynton, Rev. Nehemiah. Real Preaching. Three Addresses. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Brontë, Charlotte. Shirley. London: Service & Paton; New York: Putnams. $1.
Brorup, R. P. Truth and Poetry. Chicago: International Book Co. 40c.
Browning, Elizabeth B. Poetical works. With a Portrait. Macmillan. $1.75.
Burnham, Anna F. A Bunker Hill Failure; or, A Failure That Was a Victory: Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Chapman, F. M. Bird-Life. Edition in Colors. Appletons. $5.
Clark, William. The Anglican Reformation. Christian Literature Co. $2.
Clarke, H. B. The Cid Campeador. Putnams. $1.50.
Cobb, S. H. The Story of the Palatines: An Episode in Colonial History. Putnams. $2.
Cornelius, Hans. Psychologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.
Creighton, Rev. M. A History of the Papacy. New edition in six volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. $12.
Crockett, S. R. The Surprising Adventures of Sir Toady Lion. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Davis, R. H. A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. Harpers. $1.50.
Dumas, W. T. The Golden Day, and Miscellaneous Poems. Philadelphia: Levytype Co. $1.
Ebers, Georg. Arachne: Historischer Roman. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Fitch, Clyde. The Smart Set: Correspondence and Conversations. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Flandrau, C. M. Harvard Episodes. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
Fouqué, F. de la Motte. Undine. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30c.
Garlepp, Bruno. Germany's Iron Chancellor. Illustrated. Akron, Ohio: Werner Co.
Geiger, Wilhelm. Ceylon: Tagebuchblätter und Reiseerinnerungen. Wiesbaden: C. W. Kreidel.
Gladden, Rev. Washington. Social Facts and Forces. Putnams. $1.25.
Gomme, G. L. The King's Story-Book. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Gross, Prof. Charles. A Bibliography of British Municipal History, including Gilds and Parliamentary Representation. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Growoll, A. American Book Clubs: Their Beginnings and History, and a Bibliography of their Publications. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Harper's Round Table. 1897. Harpers. $3.50.
Harris, W. C. The Fishes of North America. Parts XI.-XIV. New York: Harris Publishing Co.
Helmburg, W. *Defiant Hearts.* R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Hichens, R. S. Bye-Ways. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Holmes, Mrs. Mary J. Paul Ralston. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.50.
Howe, M. A. DeW. Shadows. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. Putnams.
Hudson, Prof. W. H. Idle Hours in a Library. San Francisco: William Doxey. $1.25.
Hume, M. A. S. Sir Walter Raleigh. The British Dominion of the West. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Humphreys, A. L. The Private Library. 2d ed. J. W. Bouton.
King, Capt. Charles. Warrior Gap: A Story of the Sioux Outbreak of '68. F. T. Neely.
Kipling, Rudyard. Verses. 1889-1896. [Outward Bound Edition.] Scribners.
Lamont, Prof. Hammond. Burke on Conciliation with America. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Livingston, L. S. American Book-Prices Current. 1897. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Lloyd, Prof. A. H. Citizenship and Salvation, for Greek and Jew. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Lummis, C. F. The Enchanted Burro: Stories of New Mexico and South America. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Lucky, R. M. The Devil Worshippers. F. T. Neely. 25c.
Lytton, Lord. Harold the Last of the Saxon Kings. [Historical Novels and Romances.] London: Constable; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
MacDonald, George. Rampolli: Growths from a Long-Planted Root. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Macfarlane, Charles. The Camp of Refuge. [Historical Novels and Romances.] London: Constable; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Manly, Prof. J. M. Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperian Drama. Vol. II. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.40.
Matheson, Rev. George. Sidelights from Patmos. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.
McCaskey, J. P. Lincoln Literary Collection. American Book Co. $1.
McClelland, Ella G. A Daughter of Two Nations. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
McCook, H. C. The Latimers: A Tale of the Western Insurrection of 1794. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50.
McLennan, William. Spanish John. Harpers. $1.50.
Meredith, Owen. Lucile. Illustrated. F. A. Stokes Co. $4.
Minchin, J. G. C. Old Harrow Days. London: Methuen & Co.
Müller, F. Max. The Upanishads. [Sacred Books of the East. American ed. Vol. I.] Christian Literature Co. $2.50.
Musick, J. R. Hawaii: Our New Possessions. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.75.
Nicoll, W. R. The Expositor's Greek Testament. Vol. I. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
Nordau, Max. The Shackles of Fate. A Play. F. T. Neely.
Oberholtzer, E. P. The New Man: A Chronicle of the Modern Time. Philadelphia: Levytype Co.
Paget, Stephen. Ambroise Paré and his Times. 1510-1590. Putnams. $2.50.
Palmer, Frederick. Going to War in Greece. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Palmer, W. Hazell's Annual for 1898. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney.
Paton, W. A. Picturesque Sicily. Illustrated. Harpers. $2.50.
Perry, Prof. John. Applied Mechanics. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50.
Porter, Gen. Horace. Campaigning with Grant. Century Co. $3.50.
Prayers Ancient and Modern. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.
Rathbone, St. George. Squire John. F. T. Neely. 50c.
Ridge, W. P. Secretary to Bayne, M.P. Harpers. $1.25.
Robinson, E. A. The Children of the Night: Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. $1.25.
Rollins, F. W. The Lady of the Violets. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.
Routier, Gaston. L'Espagne en 1897. 4th ed. Paris: H. Le Soudier; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Runk, E. J. Washington: A National Epic. Putnams. $1.25.
Scott, Sir Walter. Rob Roy. London: Service & Paton; New York: Putnams. $1.
Shorter, C. K. Victorian Literature. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Spalding, Rev. J. L. Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Spenser, Edmund. The Shepheard's Calendar. Illustrated. Harpers. $2.
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